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SEPTEMBER 1973/ONE DOLLAR

Watergate Quiz

1. The Presidency Must Be Kept Out of Politics.
ue☐ False☐

he New Campaign
eform Act Will
lean Up Elections.
rue☐ False☐

The White House
Tapes Will Prove
Whether Nixon Is
Guilty or Innocent.
True☐ False☐

If any of your answers were "true," you need to see pages 7, 13 and 22.

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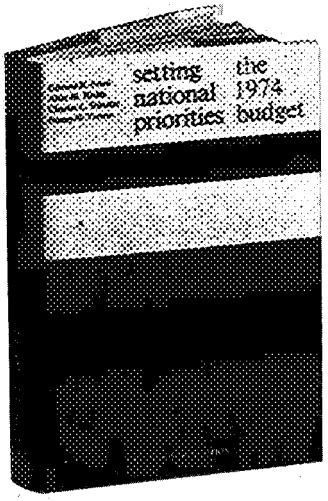

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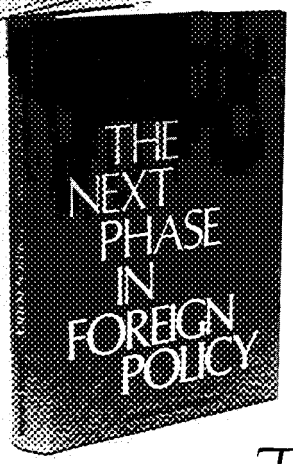

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Academics, Politics, and the 1972 Election

by
Everett Carll Ladd, Jr. and
Seymour Martin Lipset

The authors, both highly respected academics themselves, question conventional interpretations of the Nixon-McGovern presidential contest as it was waged in the University Community. They argued that the election was a story of opportunities missed by the Republicans, not the Democrats. They trace new configurations in faculty politics, in response to the "new university politics" of the late sixties and early seventies, which worked powerfully to the disadvantage of a candidacy such as McGovern's.

Dr. Ladd is a professor of political science and director of the Social Science Data Center at the University of Connecticut. He is a research fellow of the center for International Affairs at Harvard University and has been a fellow of the Ford Foundation and the Guggenheim Foundation and the Social Science Research Council.

Dr. Lipset is professor of government and sociology at Harvard University. He has been a fellow of the Social Science Research Council, the Ford Foundation, and the Guggenheim Foundation and the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences.

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VOLUME FIVE NUMBER SEVEN
SEPTEMBER 1973

SPECIAL WATERGATE SECTION

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Letters

The Watergate Story

That none of the "White House horrors" leaked through political sources is a comment not on the White House press corps, but on the Nixon White House, which apparently contained not one whistle-blower. If there is to be criticism, it should be directed not at the White House press corps, as it was in Charles Peters' "Why the White House Press Didn't Get the Watergate Story" [July-August], but at the press as a whole for its failure to present a picture of the Nixon presidency into which the facts of the Watergate could fit. It was a failure not of investigation, but of analysis.

Mr. Peters writes, "Everyone agrees there is a need for more investigative reporters." But is there? As a foreign correspondent in Washington for whom the American press is a primary source of information, I find there is a surplus of raw fact and a dearth of theory.

The Watergate disclosures have been on two levels. Specific abuses have been laid bare—but also, an intimate picture of the inner workings of the Nixon White House and the minds of the men who wielded great power in the President's name. The press has done a superb job in uncovering the specific abuses but it ought to have been possible for the political commentators, without the benefit of the Watergate disclosures in all their detail, to have revealed the nature of power in the Nixon White House.

PETER JENKINS
Washington, D. C.

Peter Jenkins is the Washington correspondent for The Manchester Guardian.

The editor replies:

I agree with Mr. Jenkins' last point. I also feel that more investigatory reporting will not help unless it is accompanied by better analysis of what is significant both by the reporter in covering the story and by his editor in making the assignment. I must observe, however, that many of the most zealous advocates of analysis in the Washington press corps are also notable for their aversion to hard digging. And I do criticize the White House press for having failed to get the Watergate story. I pointed out four ways they could have gotten it: 1) by following up on the activities of the plumbers, whose existence was published in *The New York Times* in January, 1972, 2) by knowing junior staffers like Hugh Sloan, who was in a whistle-blowing mood in July, 1972, 3) by exploiting the factional hostilities in the White House and campaign staffs, and 4) by seeking White House scandals from those in other agencies, such as the FBI and the CIA, who were unhappy with the Administration and would have been willing to leak to other reporters the same kind of information they were leaking to the *Post*'s Woodward and Bernstein. ■

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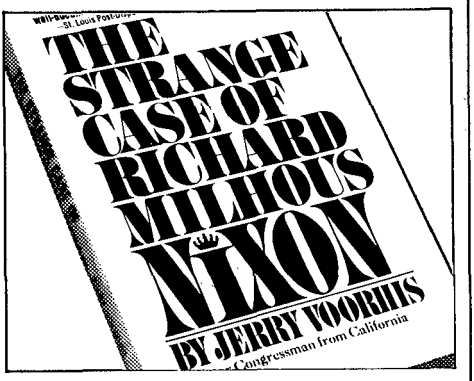

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Putting the President Back into Politics

by Thomas E. Cronin

The regrettable state of affairs today is that being President means never having to say you're sorry, wrong, and, perhaps more importantly, that you are being political. The perceived shame of politics and the indignities of sounding partisan have had grievous impact on the exercise of national leadership in America. In their most manifest form, they prompt a President to say piously that he is above politics and that he acts solely as President for all the people. As a result, both partisan leadership and controversial domestic policy decision-making are increasingly contracted out or down and, in any event, disassociated from the overt visible (and thus accountable) actions of a President.

A standard diagnosis of what's gone wrong in the White House is that the presidency has become too politicized. The White House "enemies" list adds substance to this impression, as have President Nixon's attempts to use the classic above-politics defense of politicians in trouble. His April 30 plea to be excused from thinking further about Watergate so that he could return to the "larger duties" of his office had its similarities to Adam Clayton Powell's "let me serve my people" and Teddy Kennedy's anxiety about "getting this [the Chappaquiddick investigation] over, so I can get back to my Senate duties." A Harris poll released on August 6 shows that the creaking ploy has paid off once again: by a 54 to 38 per cent margin, a majority of the people agreed that "the President was right in saying it is more important for him to spend his time working for the country than to be trying to find out what happened in the Watergate affair."

The very phrasing of this question—implying as it does that the President would be neglecting the country's welfare if he cleaned out the Watergate gang rather than toasting the Shah of Iran—suggests the absurdity of the over-politicization diagnosis. A more helpful approach to the recent failures of the presidency is to realize that Presidents have tried too hard to hold themselves above politics—or at least to give that appearance—rather than engaging in it deeply enough.

Theodore White's new book, *The Making of the President 1972,** is an important document for understanding these developments. For while White has written another excellent chronicle of the election process, by far his best since 1960 and perhaps the best of his entire series, one crucial failure in his understanding illuminates a larger failure in the way we judge our Presidents. The failure is

Thomas E. Cronin is the author of The Presidency, Reappraised *and* The State of the Presidency, *both of which will be published in 1974.*

**The Making of the President 1972.* Theodore H. White. Atheneum, $10.

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not uniquely White's; rather, it is an indication of how well, both by accident and by design, he has come to mirror popular attitudes toward the presidency. White makes deliberate attempts to tell the election story in a context of public concerns and social pressures. Perhaps more important, to the extent the books have become official histories of the elections, the interpretations they offer enter the popular understanding with a stamp of legitimacy and approval, guaranteeing that this is what it all really meant.

It should also be noted that, by all normal journalistic standards, White has done a fine job. He manages to re-tell the familiar events in a vivid, novelistic way. He captures his characters and makes them live in compelling portraits; the reader feels as if he is in the room listening to Larry O'Brien lay out the campaign plans, or watching George McGovern and Tom Eagleton talk things over. Above all, White creates a sense of saga, of national myth-making. Since he began the series in 1960, White has made the presidential election process into a ritual of transition and ascension, an epic in which the many contenders are one by one eliminated until only the President himself remains.

Yet this sense of saga, so welcome as a narrative device, provides a clue to what White has done wrong. When he deals with the President, White often verges on the romantic. The respect, even veneration, he accords his Presidents is the result not of sycophancy but of his books' own logic: if the struggle, cutting across such expanses of space and time, involving so many brave men who sacrifice themselves in futile efforts, eventually produces one victor, he must, by the storyteller's standards, be the hero. He may be a complex man—even a troubling or a confusing man, as White seems to find Nixon. But nonetheless he is honorable and well-intentioned, grappling with problems far more trying than those any of the rest of us will ever face. One senses that these books are popular with their subjects, that a President sitting down to read feels he has finally found a writer who understands the complexities and harassments of public life.

White set the tone for his treatment of the Presidents in his 1960 book, as he described the transformation of John Kennedy from candidate to President. In the early days of the campaign Kennedy could joke with the staff men, overhear their discussion of the semi-dirty campaign tricks in West Virginia. Then, having allowed Teddy White to join the entourage at Hyannis Port, Kennedy listened to the election night returns come in. In the most memorable passage from the series, White described how Kennedy suddenly became "Mr. President," moving onto a plane several removes from his former colleagues, in a realm none of them could ever know. Richard Nixon may lack some of the glamor of that era, but in him White finds the same properties of nobility and elevation.

Nowhere is this more evident than in the three interviews with Nixon that White describes in the book. The latest of these took place on March 17, 1973, by which time enough of the Watergate scandal had been aired to raise an unmistakable odor. (See box.)

"I asked none of those questions [about Watergate] that Saturday afternoon," White writes in preface to his interview. "They did not, at the moment, seem relevant." One wonders what it might have taken to excite his interest. Instead, White and the President sat back and chewed over the "larger duties" of the office, in a rambling discussion that always seemed to find its way back to foreign affairs:

> I wanted to turn the conversation to home affairs; and I said that I had once quoted him on the presidency and the nation in a conversation of 1967, in which he had said, "I've always thought this country could run itself domestically without a President; all you need is a competent Cabinet to run the country at home."

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. . . Since that remark had been re-quoted and misinterpreted so often, what about it?

He was easy this afternoon, and toyed with the question as if trying to find a shape to the answer. "People don't respond in domestic affairs," he said. "Unless it touches them directly—like busing—they don't give a damn. But when it comes to foreign affairs, everyone wants to be Secretary of State, every columnist, every commentator, every writer." Domestic questions, he felt, just weren't that exciting. Take a question like revenue-sharing—only the specialists wanted to probe that one. . . .

So the domestic field was where Presidents usually ran into trouble. The nation tended to unite behind a President on foreign policy. But on domestic policy, "Presidents are usually losers, because domestic affairs divide." FDR had an emergency at home, the Depression, which united people behind him—but it was sad that so many of our great Presidents had to have a war to unite people behind them. . . .

It was clear where his heart and attention still lay as we came back to talk of foreign affairs. We talked of his visit to China; of his May 8th decision to mine Haiphong and bomb Hanoi. Those were presidential tasks.

Of course, one cannot fault White for failing to produce an exhaustive critique of the Nixon presidency in a book that is supposed to be about the campaign. Yet the ease with which White accepts Nixon's attempts to separate his "presidential tasks" of war- and peace-making from the thankless "loser's" work of running the economy or passing education bills is perhaps the most revealing aspect of the book. In agreeing that the President becomes more "presidential" when he drifts above the compromise and negotiation that make up the political process, White is acquiescing in a general debasement of the value of politics. This is just the feeling that Nixon appeals to with his "larger duties" speeches. The intention is to propel himself above the tawdry concerns of ordinary "politicians" and emerge, isolated and pure, as statesman and national leader.

White on Watergate

White says that when he interviewed Nixon on March 17, 1973, questions about Watergate did not seem relevant. In the two weeks preceding White's interview, the front page of *The Washington Post* had contained the following information:

1) "President Nixon's personal attorney and his White House appointments secretary arranged for the payment of more than $30,000 in campaign funds to Donald H. Segretti, an alleged political saboteur, according to FBI records."

2) "The GAO report yesterday asked Justice for a second time to investigate a $350,000 cash fund that was kept in Stans' safe. . . the GAO said its interest in the $350,000 was rekindled in light of the recent disclosures of the Vesco contribution and the testimony of Hugh W. Sloan, Jr., former finance committee treasurer, at the Watergate bugging trial. Sloan testified that he had made 'large, unaccounted-for disbursements to. . . Liddy and others. . . .' "

3) "Robert H. Allen, a Texas oilman who gave $89,000 which was later traced to the bank account of a man convicted in the Watergate break-in, has requested and received his entire $100,000 contribution back from President Nixon's re-election committee."

4) "A central issue that has developed in Gray's confirmation hearings has been the FBI's handling of the Watergate investigation and, particularly, the propriety of Gray's agreement to turn over investigative reports to Dean. . . . "

5) "Within 48 hours of a supposedly confidential interview with the FBI in its Watergate investigation, an employee of the Committee for the Re-election of the President was summoned by Nixon campaign officials to explain her actions, according to her own sworn affidavit."

6) "Federal sources have told *The Washington Post* that throughout their investigation FBI agents continued to experience difficulty in obtaining information from both the White House and the Nixon reelection committee, even after Dean had become aware of the problem through the summary report."

7) "Nixon campaign officials 'were sending FBI agents on fishing expeditions to keep them from getting to the truth.' "

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Even for those who automatically suspect Nixon's motives, part of the appeal works, for we share that same view of the political process as cheap and corrupt. It has been so long since anyone has been able to use terms like "free democracy" or "legislative deliberation" seriously that we find it hard to imagine they represent any actual processes. The contempt expressed in John Ehrlichman's remarks about alcoholism on the Senate floor was unusual only in its bitterness.

Certainly there are dishonest men in politics, but we have come in danger of forgetting that there *is* a clean politics, and that it is the only way a democracy can work. The Ervin committee, even by the most cynical evaluation, has at least demonstrated the willingness to listen that has been so strikingly absent from the White House.

From the President's point of view, there are obvious attractions to having the public define "presidential tasks" on a global scale. As a literal student of White's earlier books, Nixon must have understood the advantage of running as "The President" rather than as candidate Dick Nixon, and of spending his time in foreign capitals rather than shaking hands with county political chairmen. Presidential counsel Leonard Garment explained to White:

> In foreign policy, you get drama, triumph, resolution—crisis and resolution. So that in foreign policy Nixon can give the sense of leadership. But in domestic policy, there you have to deal with the whole jungle of home problems.

It is this same view of politics as a "jungle" that is reflected in the Harris poll and the President's avoidance of domestic politics. To those in the White House, other parts of the political process may also start to look like a jungle: the courts, local political groups, the press, in short, anything that impedes the President's progress between deciding he wants something done and seeing it happen. Since the impediments are minimal in foreign affairs, Presidents turn more of their attention there.

As George Reedy pointed out three years ago in *The Twilight of the Presidency*, a political philosophy which respects individuals and institutions only to the extent that they support the President's decisions is the death of reality in the White House. In setting policy there are always differing opinions to take into account, objections to programs, needs that have not been detected. Because the structure of the White House staff makes it unlikely that the President will ever hear these dissenting opinions from his own advisers, it becomes all the more important that he is forced to take part in political negotiation.

The means for bringing him in touch with reality is the process of political bargaining—with the delays it requires, the necessary changes of course, the arguments, and the listening. What makes domestic politics so distasteful to Presidents—that it is full of groups to persuade and committees to inform—is precisely its virtue, for it is the major hope of retaining an open presidency, one neither bound by its own sources of information nor aloof to the point where it will no longer listen. But by calling the President more "presidential" whenever he ignores partisan politics, we encourage him to even greater isolation.

One illustration from the last campaign may help clarify the point. In deciding to do what most people lauded—keeping himself "above politics" and miles away from the Republican Party—Nixon was able to ignore the local politicians and set up his own Committee to Re-elect the President. From a management point of view it had the same advantages as secret diplomacy: everything was under control, the employees followed orders. Yet CREEP ended up committing exploits which the National Committee could never have accomplished. This was not so much because of different moral standards in the two groups, as because of the

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political theorists' old principles of pluralism and mutually restricting greed. National Committeemen from all over the country would have screamed bloody murder at $350,000 going to some non-candidate named Gordon Liddy while the friends back home weren't able to pay their printing bills.

The same phenomenon takes on more disturbing dimensions when the President's foreign policy decisions—those that add to his stature as Statesman—are contrasted to what he must actually do to get any domestic policy enacted. As John Newhouse has illustrated in his superb new book, *Cold Dawn: The Story of SALT*, in foreign policy the President may make the most crucial of decisions, take those steps that literally mean survival or extinction for most of the people on earth, without consulting anyone more closely in touch with the democratic pulse than Henry Kissinger. More important, the President can see his decisions carried out without resistance, debate, or the threat of publicity. While some such autonomy is probably necessary for effective negotiations, it is also subject to abuse. When Presidents get the idea that only they know all the facts about the country's safety, then they feel uniquely qualified to make the decisions about what is justified in the name of national defense. The "if you knew what I know" explanation, applied to events as diverse as the Dominican Republic invasion and the Daniel Ellsberg break-in, is a difficult one to counter, because the public can never be confident that this time the President isn't finally telling the truth. Thus, in foreign policy—the area in which the President is seen by the public to be a superman—his powers most nearly approximate those of superman. The only people he deals with in the government are his underlings; they must do what he tells them and keep quiet about it. Those he deals with outside the government may be most effectively handled with blanket secrecy.

Consider the same President, having spent the morning working on a missile treaty with the Russians and sending a fleet of bombers to Asia, as he summons Gerald Ford and Carl Albert to the Oval Office. All he wants is a minor change in the public works laws, or a new educational program. Suddenly the controlled world of the treaty-makers is replaced by the hurly-burly of people and politics. The chess game of foreign policy has turned into a greased-pig contest.

No longer is the President talking to his own employees, who feel honored by his very presence and who can be relied on to try to please him. The timeless senators and congressmen he must flatter and win have seen him come and will see him go. They have their own pride, their own views, their own groups to represent. None of the congressmen—or the labor leaders or foreign veterans' groups—is individually the equal of the President, but many of them can resist on specific points. The President has no way to enforce the code of *omerta* on them—and no claim to a monopoly on relevant information.

When the President wants his goals accomplished in domestic legislation, he uses the tactics of secrecy and arrogance only at his peril. To obtain even small concessions, the President must practice the art of politics in its finest sense. He must cajole, persuade, compromise, entice—and above all, listen, for otherwise he will not understand how he can persuade. George Reedy explained the techniques necessary for persuasion:

> The master practitioners of the Senate... live in an atmosphere which will instill some degree of humility into even the most arrogant of men. They walk every day through an adversary atmosphere. They have before them constant reminders of the swift penalties for failure to take into account the strong feelings of other men. They not only receive letters and telephone calls from their constituents, but run into them in the corridor daily. Reality is never very far away.

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It can be small wonder that a man who has seen alliances formed and villages destroyed at his whim will have little patience for the elderly committee chairman who demands a respectful hearing before he will do the Administration a favor. The public attitudes toward the presidency—those mirrored in White's book—encourage the President to feel contempt for the congressman.

By turning up our noses at "politics" in the White House and urging the President to get on to his real business of guiding the nation, we set the two important conditions for the secrecy and duplicity with which we have recently become so familiar. First, with all the apparatus for secret statesmanship at hand, it is much easier for the President to ring up the plumbers when something needs fixing than to persuade the public or Congress to his point of view. Second, since the President will look "unpresidential" if he participates in normal party politics, his aides must go through grotesque contortions to prove that their boss never thought about anything except being President of All the People.

The tactic of secrecy, so tempting to those who have it within their grasp, amounts to insulating the President from the normal checks and balances of the political system. It will take new bait to lure Presidents out of this comfortable sanctuary and into the morass of open politics, for now the enticements are small. Theodore White and Richard Nixon didn't invent the notion of the apolitical statesman-President. A deep popular sentiment rouses with indignation at the idea that a President is "playing politics" with an issue, or is neglecting the general welfare for any "partisan" cause. Foreign policy is more fun, and besides, you can win the Nobel Peace Prize; the openness of domestic politics has few compensating advantages.

The way to prevent future abuses, as has often been noted, is to make the White House more open. The way to do that, as has not so often been suggested, is to start regarding the President as a politician once more. A President cannot and should not avoid being openly political. A President in a democracy has to act politically in regard to controversial issues if we are to have any semblance of government by the consent of the governed—that is, he must negotiate and mediate between groups, compromise polar differences, and find acceptable alternatives.

We can no more take the politics out of the presidency than we can take the presidency out of politics. It is a very political office, and political and partisan leadership are as much needed as foreign policy statesmanship and symbolic leadership.

Most of the men who have been effective Presidents have also been highly political—in an open, rather than covert, sense of that term. Unlike Nixon, they loved politics, and they understood the multiple purposes for which the powers of the presidency are granted. The best of our Presidents have been those who understood the importance of political parties and who listened to the people, and did not condescendingly view the American common man as childlike and dependent on an omniscient President. As a nation, we must mature to the recognition that Presidents have to be political and they ought to be vigorously partisan leaders as well. And if the presidency is recognized as the highly political office it necessarily is, then we have to strive more rigorously to strengthen rival and alternative political institutions that can keep it accountable, pose alternative programs, offer alternative definitions of the national purpose, and let the sun shine in. Sunlight, they say, is the best of disinfectants, but bringing Presidents to heel will require attitudinal changes, party-building efforts on a grand scale, and harsh rebukes to any President who either unwittingly or deliberately tries to hide behind the disingenuous protective shield of being above politics.■

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Campaign Reform: Taking the Worry Out of Reelection

by Walter Shapiro

While Sam Ervin was presiding over the Senate Watergate committee's interrogation of John Ehrlichman, Howard Cannon was presiding over the Senate's first effort to write election campaign legislation designed to prevent future Watergates and—in Ted Kennedy's words—"shut off the underground rivers of influence money that pollute our politics."

Ehrlichman's testimony dominated the late July headlines, but the place to look for clues as to what political life will be like in post-Watergate America was the five days of Senate debate that culminated on July 30 in the passage of the Federal Elections Campaign Act of 1973. They were not encouraging, for the Senate's excesses of reformist zeal were in their own way as disturbing as Ehrlichman's efforts to justify the burglary of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist.

Not that it was Senator Cannon's fault. The veteran Democrat from Nevada had the responsibility for trying to contain a tempest. More than 50 amendments were brought to the floor, before the Senate, by a vote of 82 to 8, passed the most comprehensive campaign reform bill in our history. The Act has some excellent features: a $3,000 limit on an individual's contributions to a specific candidate (raised to $6,000 if there's a primary); a $25,000 limit on an individual's contributions to all candidates in a calendar year; and strict financial disclosure requirements for all high-level government officials. But on the whole the bill reflects the conflict of interest inherent in allowing Congress to reform its own campaign practices.

Cannon, chairman of the Senate Rules and Administration Committee, is far too much of a traditionalist to be very critical of the world's greatest deliberative body. But from conversations with him a few days after passage of the "reform" bill, it was clear that even he was not impressed by the performance of his colleagues. "The mood of the Senate in light of Watergate was to write tough restrictions no matter what they happened to be," he explained. "Because of that mood some real practical considera-

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tions were overlooked."

Things were different back in 1971 when the last effort was started to reform campaign financing. In 1970, Capitol Hill watched with horror as Howard Metzenbaum and Richard Ottinger scored major upsets in Senate primaries through the use of saturation television advertising. Thus reformers were largely preoccupied with regulating the use of television and they tried to require broadcasters to provide low-cost air time for political candidates. Instead, Congress set dollar limits on radio and television campaign advertising. These ceilings were justified as a way of preventing the wealthy from buying their way into office, but the real motivation was simply congressional self-interest. The fear was that if unknowns like Ottinger and Metzenbaum could defeat the likes of John Glenn and Ted Sorensen, no incumbent would be safe from a rich challenger shrewd enough to hire someone like Charles Guggenheim or David Garth to handle his television commercials.

Admittedly, the course of almost any reform bill through Congress is circuitous. Legislators learned long ago that openly opposing reform was bad politics; instead, they just try to subvert it. Perhaps the best example of the congressional shell-game was the Tax Reform Act of 1969. Although there was a national consensus in favor of recasting the tax structure, Congress took its cues from Humpty Dumpty: "When I use a word, it means just what I choose it to mean," he told Alice. The legislators figured that "if you call it tax reform often enough, they'll believe it's tax reform," although the new law is as glaringly deficient as the old. Similarly, the mood in the Senate this July as it approved the Campaign Act seemed to be "if it sounds good, pass it."

But playing things by ear doesn't always work when it comes to campaign reform. Take the section of the Senate bill that sets strict limits on the total amount that congressional candidates can spend on their own campaigns. At first glance, it seems the perfect reform for those concerned about curbing the high cost of seeking public office and reducing the influence of money in politics. And if you set the spending ceiling low enough, it is deceptively easy to reason, candidates of average means will be able to compete on fairly even footing with the rich and well-connected.

There's just one flaw in this neat schema—this provision will virtually ensure the reelection of incumbent congressmen. Not that they need much help. Since 1954, less than 10 per cent of all House members, and 20 per cent of all senators who have run for reelection have been defeated. Rather than a wholehearted endorsement of Congress, this record is really just a reflection of the built-in advantages of incumbency.

The Bankroll

Incumbents begin every campaign with their names far more widely known than their opponents. Some of this familiarity is the residue of past campaigning, but much of it is achieved at the taxpayers' expense. For example, members of Congress are entitled to free postage under the franking privilege. Used to mail everything from newsletters to agricultural notices, the frank is a key weapon in the arsenal of any incumbent in quest of reelection.

Between campaigns congressmen are often granted free television time —billed as "reports to the people"— and their newsletters are frequently published as newspaper columns. In election years, challengers must depend on press releases or paid-for advertising to gain exposure, but congressmen can always produce news by introducing a bill or announcing a government contract for their district. But all these indirect subsidies pale compared to the points earned by the ombudsman—or errand boy—function of a congressional office. It is a truism of ward politics that favors can be

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translated into votes on election day. With a large staff provided at public expense, it is not difficult for an incumbent to build up a reservoir of good will through delivering services like tracking down lost Social Security checks and handing out guidebooks of Washington.

With incumbents granted this kind of head start challengers usually must spend heavily in order even to catch up. The ceilings on broadcast spending established after the 1970 elections were designed to keep well-heeled challengers from waging saturation television advertising campaigns. The new spending limits go one step further and restrict the challenger's ability to reach the voters by any means. Such ceilings are based on the mistaken idea that the fundamental problem in politics is the high cost of campaigning rather than unequal access to the funds to pay for it. Given the amount of ground that a challenger has to make up in the short space of a political campaign, the current costs of seeking an office aren't that unreasonable. As Herbert Alexander, the leading academic authority on campaign spending, points out, the $400 million spent on political campaigns in 1972 is roughly equivalent to the amount one corporation (Procter & Gamble) spends on its own advertising each year.

The inequity of the spending ceilings in the Senate bill is accentuated by the unrealistically low levels at which they have been pegged.

For House races, the spending limit is $90,000 apiece for the primary and the general elections. In *Congressional Quarterly*, Alan Ehrenhalt pointed out that seven of the 10 challengers who upset House incumbents in 1972 spent more than $100,000 on their fall campaigns.

For Senate campaigns, the ceilings are based on a formula of 10 cents per eligible voter in primaries and 15 cents in the general elections. This means that after the primary a Senate candidate in Delaware could spend up to $175,000 and $2.1 million in California. The provision for 15 cents per voter sounds ample until you realize that a candidate must pay 4.8 cents in postage alone to mail just one piece of campaign literature bulk rate.

For Senate races, the ceilings are relatively workable for large states like Michigan and New York, but they become increasingly absurd as the size of the state decreases. In Connecticut, for example, the Act's spending limit for the general election would be $315,000; in 1968, Senator Abraham Ribicoff spent $586,000 on his reelection campaign. In Rhode Island the ceiling for the fall campaign would be $175,000, but last year's race cost Senator Claiborne Pell and challenger John Chafee about $500,000 each.

The bill originally drafted in committee by Howard Cannon contained slightly higher ceilings. They were based on a formula of 15 cents for the primary and 20 cents thereafter. But by a vote of 70 to 11 the Senate accepted an amendment by Thomas Eagleton to lower these limits by a

"Those were rough and tumble days, with big operators conniving for great wealth, with tricky deals made in secret and with sometimes unabashed use of force."*

THE ORIGINS OF

TEAPOT DOME

Progressives, Parties, and Petroleum, 1909-1921

J. Leonard Bates. Teapot Dome still ranks as a case of flagrant corruption, involving top officials of the government, leaders of the petroleum industry, and others in public life. Bates puts the scandal in its proper historical perspective, showing that the culminating events during Harding's administration had roots extending back to 1909. ". . . the definitive study."—*Library Journal.* **St. Louis Post Dispatch*, in a 1964 review of the book.

1963 278 pp. $7.50.

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nickel. Eagleton claimed his amendment would "minimize the corruptive role of money in politics," but the real effect will be to minimize the chances of challengers overcoming the incumbents' initial advantage.

Not all Senators who supported the Eagleton amendment were entirely motivated by self-interest. Part of the problem may simply have been naivete. Many senators will freely admit that they know nothing about taxation or foreign policy, but each fancies himself an expert on campaign financing. This self-assurance, coupled with a widespread desire to jump on the bandwagon of reform after Watergate, helped to produce the 50-plus amendments that were introduced on the Senate floor.

A Hex on Reform

While most of the proposals were defeated, they showed the direction in which the Senate's thought was moving. Perhaps the most outlandish of these was offered by Lowell Weicker, based on his "personal experience." In his best tone of moral outrage, Weicker declared that "the budgetary procedures in our campaigns are horrendous," and that "we have to match the income with the outgo." Weicker's solution was to inject pay-as-you-go financing into politics by making it a crime for a campaign to be more than $5,000 in debt. Weicker added the requirement that all fund-raising and spending cease two weeks before an election, although television and newspaper advertising could be arranged in advance.

What makes the Weicker amendment significant is the degree to which it is alien to the spirit of sloppy exuberance which is the hallmark—and the saving grace—of American politics. The symmetry and order which the Connecticut Senator idealizes is far more suited to a corporate boardroom than to an election campaign.

Some of the support for the restrictive proposals came from well-intentioned reformers who saw the Campaign Act as a first step toward public financing of election campaigns. Their strategy was to make the bill so restrictive that even incumbents would prefer anything—including public financing—to campaigning under the new requirements. Their elaborate calculations ignore one simple problem—what happens if public financing hasn't been adopted by 1976, when most of the bill's provisions take effect?

This purist approach was manifest in amendments like the one proposed unsuccessfully by William Proxmire to place a flat $100 limit on all campaign contributions. In introducing the provision, Proxmire stroked all the appropriate rhetorical chords, declaring that he had seen "a great deal of vital legislation passed or defeated because large political contributors have influenced senators to vote for it or against it." Amendments like Proxmire's—and a $50 limit on cash contributions which *was* included in the bill—demonstrate a widespread overreaction to the role of money in politics. Even the most corrupt of senators has too much pride to sell his vote for a $100 contribution. In the same way, the corrupting influence of cash donations arises when suitcases are filled with $100 bills, not from single, $100 cash contributions. By enacting laws which treat every campaign contributor as if he were the president of ITT, Congress may actually discourage widespread citizen participation in the financing of politics in the name of reform.

Equally revealing was the way the senators "reformed" the franking privilege. Although the frank is theoretically limited to "official business," its utility over the years has been enhanced by the Post Office's reluctance to draw a strict line between "official business" and politics. Instead, proper use of the frank is left to the discretion of each congressman.

Admittedly, the frank encountered some bad publicity last year. Courts in New Jersey and Illinois prohibited

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incumbents from using it during their campaigns. And Georgia Congressman Fletcher Thompson, making a bid for the Senate, used the frank to mail to almost every voter in the state—even though more than 90 per cent lived outside his congressional district.

Obviously, something had to be done to satisfy the courts, if not the voters. But not too much, since Congress has always guarded its campaign prerogatives far more jealously than its constitutional powers. The equitable solution would have been to grant challengers the use of the frank—or at least some postage-free mailings.

Instead, the Senate merely banned incumbents from using the frank for mass mailings of newsletters within 30 days of an election. To reassure senators who feared this might put a crimp into their reelection plans, Bill Brock, the author of the amendment, explained that it was aimed at bulk mailings "addressed to boxholders where not even the name appears, as occurs in the other body." The Senate's moral seemed to be: if there must be reform, make sure it just affects the House.

A reform bill just wouldn't be a reform bill if it didn't have an F. Scott Fitzgerald clause treating the rich "different from you and I." The Campaign Act sets a $3,000 limit on the amount an individual can contribute to a single campaign, but is much more lenient in restricting a candidate's contributions to his own campaign. Under the Campaign Act, a House candidate can spend up to $50,000 of his own money to obtain a Capitol Hill job that pays $42,500 a year. For the Senate the limit is $70,000.

Coupled with the spending ceilings, this loophole will increase the advantage of wealthy incumbents and of wealthy challengers in all but the largest states. A House candidate, for example, could pay for more than half of his fall campaign costs by writing a single $50,000 check.

By now it should be apparent that only some form of public financing can eliminate many of the inequities inherent in congressional campaigns. Ideally, such a plan should satisfy two criteria: limiting the influence of special-interest money and broadening the social and economic base of those who serve in Congress. The problem faced by reformers is that imperfect legislation invariably produces unanticipated consequences.

A good example of a flawed public financing plan for congressional elections was the one introduced by Ted Kennedy and Hugh Scott as an amendment to the Campaign Act. The Kennedy-Scott amendment was simple: it would have paid for major party congressional campaigns with public funds up to the limits set by Congress. The major flaw in Kennedy-Scott is that it would not have covered congressional primaries.

A Chance for the Big Time

Often poorly-financed candidates enter congressional primaries with the hope of winning a cheap primary race and then using party money in the fall campaign. This is not a totally unrealistic approach, since spending levels during primaries among non-incumbents are often relatively low. Costs are held down in many races by variants of the argument that "if we spend too much against fellow Democrats in the primary, there won't be anything left over to use against the Republicans in the fall."

If the winners of all congressional primaries were guaranteed Treasury checks to cover the fall campaign, primary costs would sky-rocket since there would no longer be a need to hoard funds for the fall campaign.

But the real significance of the Kennedy-Scott amendment is that it provided a barometer of senatorial feeling about public financing. The amendment was defeated, 50 to 38, but half a dozen reformers voted against it because they wanted to wait for the committee hearings on public financing that begin on September 18.

Primaries—and to a lesser extent minor parties—are the principal road-

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block to an effective public-financing bill for congressional elections. Considering the multiplicity of candidates and the variety of party labels in primaries, it is difficult to envisage an equitable system of determining who are the "major" and "minor" candidates. Following the election of Lyndon Johnson as Vice President in 1960, a primary was held to fill his vacant Senate seat; 71 candidates entered. If each candidate had received public funding up to the spending ceiling for Texas primaries as provided in the Senate bill, this race alone would have cost the Treasury $55 million. Although obviously extreme, this is not an isolated example. Last year, Georgia Democrats were confronted with a primary ballot featuring 15 Senate hopefuls.

Even the most limited public-financing bill is going to face considerable opposition as "another handout to those goddam politicians." Opponents are also likely to argue that public financing will only increase the number of frivolous congressional candidates. And they will be right. Young attorneys undoubtedly will enter hopeless races as a government-subsidized way to advertise their law practices. And the number of perennial candidates will mushroom as well.

This fringe candidate problem is widely recognized and has led at least one academic expert to conclude that "the best solution is apparently to offer no subsidies in primaries." Senator Philip Hart even developed a campaign financing plan where frivolous candidates might wind up in bankruptcy court. Under the Hart plan, which would cover all congressional candidates, a contender in a House primary would become eligible for a $40,000 subsidy if he first raised a deposit of $8,000 in contributions of $250 or less. This deposit would be returned after the primary if the candidate received at least 10 per cent of the vote. But if he received less than five per cent of the vote, not only would he forfeit the deposit, but he would be obligated to repay the entire $40,000 subsidy as well.

Although this last provision is excessively draconian, Hart's idea of using money to determine who is—and is not—a serious candidate is not nearly as undemocratic as it sounds. No one can succeed in politics without being able to attract supporters and it is difficult to conceive of a potentially credible candidate for Congress who could not raise $8,000—especially if the money would in all likelihood be repaid after the election.

What equity demands is not standardized spending ceilings, but guaranteeing the right of every major candidate to make his case to the voters. The Hart plan provides every serious candidate with a spending floor—enough money to run a respectable campaign.

Using the ability to raise money as the criterion for defining major candidates avoids the sticky problem of third parties. Kennedy-Scott, which would base its subsidies on the size of the party vote in the last election, stimulated an extensive Senate discussion of this problem. Harry Byrd, Jr., elected as an Independent in his last Senate race, tried to illustrate the difficulties that the Kennedy-Scott plan would face in Virginia, where in recent years party labels have been rendered all but meaningless. In fact, the principal weakness of the 1971 tax check-off plan for the presidential race is that it tends to discourage third-party candidates. The two-party structure seems far more solid today than it did in 1968, but it would be a serious mistake to institutionalize it through some form of public subsidy.

Although potentially effective in House races, the Hart plan unfortunately becomes unwieldy when applied to the Senate—especially in large states like Illinois and Ohio. The difficulty is that the deposit, which must be raised in small contributions, is pegged at 20 per cent of the entire subsidy, and this depends on the size of the state. A Senate candidate in Vermont would only have to post a small deposit, but a contender in

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California would have to raise $280,000 before receiving a penny from the federal government. Senate candidates in the larger states could easily wither on the vine for want of this "seed money."

The Interim Threat

An analogous approach toward funding congressional elections developed by John Anderson and Morris Udall in the House might help solve this problem. The Anderson-Udall bill sets up a system of matching grants for congressional elections, including primaries. Senate contenders, for example, would have to raise at least $15,000 in contributions of $50 or less to receive matching funds from the government. Although a one-for-one matching system may make it unduly difficult for non-wealthy candidates to get their campaigns started, the Anderson-Udall grant formula could easily be modified. For example, Senate candidates could receive $75,000 for the first $15,000 they raise, $60,000 for the next $15,000, $45,000 for the next $15,000 and so on.

Obviously, any comprehensive campaign subsidy plan for federal elections would have vast repercussions. Such legislation would do far more than merely drive special-interest contributions underground. In addition, it might help broaden the base of those serving in Congress by making things easier for candidates who are not wealthy. But public financing is unlikely to transform Congress sufficiently to answer Rep. Don Riegle's complaint that there "are just too damn many lawyers in Congress." Under almost any system of financing imaginable, politics is likely to go on attracting those people—like lawyers—with flexible schedules and adjustable incomes.

Political parties would also feel the impact of public financing. For example, enactment of such a system would hasten the end of the one-party districts which contribute so heavily to the seniority system in the House.

One of the best features of both the Hart and Anderson-Udall plans is that they don't try to eliminate private campaign contributions. Rather, they use the ability to raise money in small sums to define credible candidates and thereby enhance the political influence of the small contributor. Traditionally, those candidates who strongly appeal to one wing of a political party have been the most successful at attracting grass-roots funding. On a presidential level, George McGovern, Barry Goldwater, and George Wallace each was supported by hundreds of thousands of small contributors. On a senatorial level, the James Buckley campaign in New York, specifically geared to conservative voters, provided a model of small-scale fund-raising. Consequently, the adoption of public financing plans which use small contributions to trigger government subsidies is likely to have a polarizing effect on both major parties, strengthening the hands of conservative Republicans and left-liberal Democrats. Watergate has emphasized the dangers of an excess of pragmatism. A system of public finance which encourages the issue-oriented wings of both political parties can only help to return convictions and ideals to American political life.

For years, public financing of elections has been one of those reforms which could never make the transition from civics books to political reality. Even after Watergate, comprehensive public financing proposals like the Hart plan are far from congressional passage or public acceptance. Consequently, it will be very tempting to settle for some faulty subsidy plan for congressional elections as an interim solution. Yet as the July senatorial charade which produced the Campaign Act illustrated, half-baked reforms are often worse than no reforms at all. Campaign financing is too important and too complex an area to settle for imperfect solutions. ■

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Tidbits and Outrages

Admiral's Country

Stuart Loory, in his brilliant new book *Defeated: Inside America's Military Machine*, describes why the military commanders find war so easy to take:

In the winter of 1971-72, Rear Admiral James E. Ferris commanded an aircraft carrier task force on Yankee Station in the South China Sea washing the coast of North Vietnam. The admiral's mission was to conduct the bombardment of North Vietnam with the wing of aircraft stationed aboard his flagship CVA-43, the *Coral Sea*. Ferris' quarters, known as "admiral's country" aboard ship, were more like a New York Central Park South luxury apartment than the command center of a powerful carrier task force waging war against an enemy nation.

From the flight deck a few stories below, dozens of aircraft took off each morning, their bellies and wings laden, as the expression goes, with death and destruction. Admiral Ferris could witness this spectacle from picture windows in his quarters, or he could tune it all out. "Tune out" means he could retire to his study, a windowless little room obviously appointed by an interior decorator.

A huge green plant grew against one wall, providing a little life. The planter rested on thick beige carpeting that helped deaden the bone-shaking noise of aircraft launching and recovery operations. There was not a stray bit of dust on the glass-topped coffee table nor an ash in any of the heavy glass ashtrays. The thought was inescapable that orderlies were ever present, waiting for the tiniest bit of refuse to accumulate, sweeping it up as soon as the admiral left the room. On one wall, a walnut credenza held a stereo tape player. The admiral's desk was set against the opposite wall.

The sofa was covered in a nubby white fabric. It was functional but soft, enveloping a visitor in instant comfort and security. Just outside the doorway to the study, a Marine aide stood attentively, if not always at attention, waiting to carry out the admiral's every wish. In the small galley, two Filipino messmen were preparing a chicken dinner for the evening.

The admiral's dining room—it was to a mess what the private dining room in the White House is to a government workers' cafeteria—could seat 10 comfortably around an oval table covered with starched white linen. The silverware was heavy and glistening. The meals were served with painstaking etiquette by white-coated attendants. . . .

Belowdecks, the crew was jammed together, 150 men to each open, windowless, poorly lighted, ill-ventilated bay. They lived one atop the other, three bunks high, with no privacy and little storage space, with the constant noise of the ship's operations jarring them. They took their meals in windowless, low-ceilinged mess spaces that doubled as warehouses for the bombs and rockets the airplanes would use.

Double Dippers

We have commented before about the large number of civil servants collecting both their salaries and military retirement pay. The National Taxpayer's Union now tells us that there are 16 double dippers in Congress:

Rep. Carl Albert
Rep. Charles Bennet
Rep. William Bray
Sen. Howard Cannon
Sen. Robert Dole
Sen. Hiram Fong
Sen. Barry Goldwater
Sen. Edward Gurney
Sen. Frank Moss
Rep. William Nichols
Sen. Hugh Scott
Sen. John Sparkman
Rep. Olin Teague
Sen. Strom Thurmond
Rep. Joseph Vigorito
Rep. Louis Wyman

A Kind Word for U.S.C.

A lot of scurrilous things have been written about Richard Nixon's Southern California background recently, but John Dean and Jeb Magruder should be grateful that he's not from West Virginia. The latest news from there is an allegation by a former state FHA director that a former attorney general had asked the director's brother to murder a former assistant attorney general who was confiding in a grand jury about some of his ex-boss's less savory activities. The assistant was in fact shot—although apparently by someone else.

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Who Told You About George Reedy?

Since hardly a day goes by without some reference to the imperial court tendencies of the Nixon White House, George Reedy's *The Twilight of the Presidency*, which received *The Washington Monthly* Political Book Award for 1970, is now being recognized as perhaps the most prescient political book of recent years. It is interesting to note who reviewed it at the time it was published. It was favorably discussed in *The New Yorker, The Nation, The Progressive*, and *The New York Times* (where Max Frankel wrote the most insightful of the reviews). It was not reviewed by *The Atlantic, Harper's, The New Republic, The New York Review of Books, Time*, or *Newsweek.*

Freedom from Haldeman and Ehrlichman

The most salutary effect of Watergate thus far has been the loosening up of the executive branch. *The Wall Street Journal*, for example, recently reported:

> More Nixonites feel free to stray from Administration policy. . . . New antipoverty chief Arnett indicates he feels Nixon-criticized community action projects serve a useful purpose, almost invites Congress to preserve them. Labor Secretary Brennan lauds the Nixon-opposed Job Corps, declares he'd like to continue or even expand the training project.
>
> Mass Transit Administrator Herringer contends his operation needs much more money, says he'll bid for more in the next budget despite the holddown. Federal Trade Commission Chairman Engman, a former Ehrlichman aide, openly concedes that Phase 3 controls failed, Phase 4 faces serious problems.

Reporters find that Administration officials are much easier to see and much more willing to talk. Melvin Laird is leaking at least a story a day from the White House, with apparent impunity. The plumbers must be turning over in their cells.

Tell Me How I Can Do It

Concerned about the large number of lawyers involved in Watergate, we recently interviewed Orville H. Schell, Jr., president of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York. He first talked about the tendency of government lawyers to see the President or their agency head as their client. John Mitchell, while Attorney General, actually said, "Richard Nixon is my client." In fact, of course, the Attorney General's client is the United States of America. Lawyers who feel as he did—and most of the White House lawyers seem to feel the same way—are not going to ask what is best for the country, they're going to ask what is best for the President.

Schell went on to observe, "Most of these lawyers got their experience counseling businessmen and had tended to absorb the pragmatism of business. 'Tell me how I can do it, not why I can't do it,' is what the client says. If you don't give the pragmatic advice, there are plenty of lawyers who will—and who will walk away with your client in the process."

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THE CULTURE OF BUREAUCRACY:

Senator Baker and the Bureau Chief: Why They're Wrong about Watergate

by Charles Peters

I have been astounded by how many people seem certain that the White House tapes or some other hard evidence will demonstrate conclusively whether Richard Nixon knew of the Watergate burglary or the cover-up. The other night I had dinner with the Washington bureau chief of a leading national publication. He had no doubt the tapes would tell, that they would prove Nixon's guilt. Senator Baker says again and again that the issue is whether the President "did in fact know." Baker and the bureau chief are highly intelligent men and they may, by the time this is published, have found the evidence they think is there. But their certainty that it exists, their phrasing the issue the way they do, betrays what I feel is a central problem of both journalists and legislators: an insensitivity to the culture of bureaucracy.

One of the primary rules of that culture is that the administrator, be he President or agency head, must always have "deniability" for anything that has the potential of backfiring, just as he must be able to take the credit for anything that turns out well.

An example from a considerably more innocent time and place: During the first months of the Peace Corps, Sargent Shriver wanted to be deluged with requests for help from foreign governments. He wasn't, so soon his eager young assistants fanned out across the world to encourage requests for volunteers. They were called "programmers," and the expectation was that they would come home "with a program in their pocket." Those who didn't, fell from favor or were fired. This naturally tended to put a premium on success, with the result that there was a lot of fictitious programming, and a lot of volunteers went overseas to find nonexistent jobs and waste a substantial part of a period they thought would be devoted to needed service. Could Sargent Shriver be blamed for this? Not by Senator Baker or the bureau chief. They would never find evidence that he ordered fictitious programs, because he never did.

But he should have known as a matter of common sense that his aides would commit excesses and that nonexistent jobs would result from the pressure to produce programs. Similarly, the Pentagon administrator who decided on the body count as the measure of success in Vietnam could not be proved to have ordered Lt. Calley to pull the trigger. But he should have known that civilians would be killed to make the numbers look good. When anyone but a fool would have known that his orders would lead to nonexistent jobs or civilian casualties, we can say the administrator "must have known."

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This strikes me as a better test of culpability than whether he did in fact know because it reaches the administrators who play the deniability game. They are far more numerous than those who actually leave their fingerprints on the gun.

Because the administrator can rely on his subordinates' knowledge of the deniability rule, he can express his wishes in a way that will not leave himself open to indictment.

Nixon, instead of saying to Ehrlichman and Haldeman, "For God's sake keep the FBI out of Mexico or we'll all go to jail," merely expressed his concern that CIA activity in Mexico might be uncovered if the FBI continued its investigation. But they knew what he wanted, so they ordered General Walters to tell the FBI to halt its Mexican investigation.

Here's what Nixon said in his statement of May 22, 1973:

I wanted justice done with regard to Watergate; but in the scale of national priorities with which I had to deal—and not at that time having any idea of the extent of political abuse which Watergate reflected—I also had to be deeply concerned with ensuring that neither the covert operations of the CIA nor the operations of the Special Investigations Unit should be compromised. Therefore, I instructed Mr. Haldeman and Mr. Ehrlichman to ensure that the investigation of the break-in not expose either an unrelated covert operation of the CIA or the activities of the White House investigations unit—and to see that this was personally co-ordinated between General Walters, the deputy director of the CIA, and Mr. Gray of the FBI. It was certainly not my intent, nor my wish, that the investigation of the Watergate break-in or of related acts be impeded in any way.

Here's what General Walters wrote in his memo of June 28, 1972:

On June 23 at 1300 on request I called with director Helms and John Ehrlichman and Robert Haldeman at Ehrlichman's office at the White House. Haldeman said that the "bugging" affair at the Democratic National Committee headquarters at the Watergate apartments had made a lot of noise and that the Democrats are trying to maximize it.

The FBI had been called in and was investigating the matter. The investigation was leading to a lot of important people and this could get worse. He asked what the connection with the agency was and the director repeated that there was none.

Haldeman said the whole affair was getting embarrassing and it was the President's wish that Walters call on Acting Director L. Patrick Gray and suggest to him that, since the five suspects had been arrested, this should be sufficient and that it was not advantageous to have the inquiry pushed, especially in Mexico, etc.

Director Helms said he had talked to Gray on the previous day and made plain to him that the agency was not behind this matter and that it was not connected with it. None of the suspects was working for it nor had worked for the agency in the last two years. He had told Gray that none of his

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investigators was touching any covert projects of the agency, current or ongoing.

Haldeman then stated that I could tell Gray that I had talked to the White House and suggested that the investigation not be pushed further. Gray [was] receptive as he was looking for guidance in the matter.

The director repeated that the agency was not connected with the matter. I then agreed to talk to Gray, as directed. Ehrlichman implied that I should do this soon and I said that I would try to do it today.

In a similar vein, Patrick Gray has testified:

> It is true that neither Mr. Ehrlichman or Mr. Dean instructed me to destroy the files. But there was, and is, no doubt in my mind that destruction was intended.

Knowing what to do without being told is one of the secrets of bureaucratic survival. The bright subordinate does what needs doing without asking for explicit instructions and without expecting specific reward. He accepts the President's general congratulations for doing a good job without having to say, "Of course, Sir, I realize you are congratulating me for my cover-up of our part in the Watergate burglary and various other high crimes and misdemeanors." People who think things happen that way probably expect the next line to be, "Yes, John, that's right, and could you move a little closer to the microphone."

The trouble is that Senator Baker and the bureau chief and a lot of other congressmen and reporters do seem to think things happen that way. They may be right this time, but nine times out of ten they will be looking for the wrong evidence—the evidence that the administrator knew instead of that he must have known. When only the former is proved, a few incompetent knaves will be exposed. When, on the other hand, the inquiry extends to what he must have known, the intelligent knaves as well as the fools and incompetents will be exposed—and decent men throughout the government will be spared the temptation represented by deniability. Instead of deniability, we will have accountability. ■

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The Case for the Family Farmer

by James Hightower

Congresswoman Shirley Chisholm first arrived in Washington in January, 1969, promising to defend the interests of the big-city constituency. The Congresswoman's first act was an indignant and highly publicized protest about her assignment to the House Agriculture Committee. Her successful protest reveals a great deal about urban America's myopia about farm policy.

Four years later, the relevance of the Agriculture Committee might be clearer to urban legislators. The sharp pinch of the highest food prices in memory has caused an urban-oriented Congress to finally realize that what happens down on the farm affects the city as well. Traditionally, farm policy has been left to Corn Belt senators, cotton congressmen, and the slick lobbyists of the agribusiness interests. The result has been a steady industrialization of the American food supply.

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The Nixon Administration is now proposing to press industrialization to its logical conclusion: an assembly-line food system controlled by the likes of Del Monte, Tenneco, and Ralston Purina. Anyone who admires what Detroit's Big Three have done for automobiles will be pleased with the new agriculture, for the same quality, cost competition, and reliability will soon be built into the food we eat.

The new agriculture can properly be labeled "Butzculture," after Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz, whose vision of corporate farming has been bought by the President and is being sold to rural America. "We are at a hinge year in farm policy and farm legislation," Butz declared last April.

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"We have an unequaled opportunity to step boldly into the future and break with the past."

Ironically, public outrage over inflated food costs is just the fuel that the Secretary is counting on to propel his new farm program through Congress. Uninformed about agriculture, disgruntled about the cost of farm programs, and stunned by high food prices, urban congressmen are grateful to hear a call to "step boldly" out of the past. Even though Earl Butz is the piper, many of them are scrambling to get in line, never wondering about what they will be marching toward.

The past that Butz deplores is the era of multi-goal farm programs, in which adequate food production was balanced against the need to maintain farmers' incomes at a decent level. Admittedly, the balancing act has been difficult. Since World War II, corporate power and government programs have combined to eliminate three million small farms and accelerate big-business domination of farming. But until now the family farmers have persisted, hunkered down, and become more efficient. Butzculture promises to finally drive them to the suburbs and the factories.

The loss will be more than sentimental, for by replacing small entrepreneurs with large corporate enterprises, Butzculture will make farming less efficient. If this sounds odd, it is because Americans have a fatalistic assumption that bigness is the only course toward efficiency and modernization. Even those who lament the rise of conglomerates in other spheres often reason that there is simply no other way to produce the food we need. It is no surprise that Butzculture is being marketed on the promise that larger, corporate farms will produce cheaper food than family-size units.

It's just not so. The family farm in 1973 is no anachronism, no nostalgic remnant of American Gothic. In size, family farms can range from a five-acre tobacco allotment in North Carolina to a 5,000-acre wheat spread in Nebraska. These are not the simple yeomen of Jefferson's ideal. The family farm is defined not in terms of acreage or sales, but in terms of independent entrepreneurship. It is small-scale capitalism, alive and performing well—if not flourishing—throughout the countryside.

Convenient Family-Size Package

For all his rhetoric about traditional American verities, the message that Earl Butz carries across the country is that farming is no longer a way of life—it is a business. That may have a nice ring on the banquet circuit, but it doesn't mean much on the farm. Farming really involves more art than science or business. Producing an abundant, high-quality crop—whether a field of tomatoes or a brood of chickens—simply cannot be reduced to impersonal factory techniques. Farming requires a degree of personal involvement that can't be found either in the corporate board room of General Electric or on a Ford assembly line. As two economists from the Agriculture Department's Extension Service, Harold Breimyer and Wallace Barr, put it:

> Farmers have a genuine love of the land, a respect for it, and a desire to protect and preserve it. This attitude is not mercenary; it has roots that are almost religious.

Despite its embarrassingly sentimental tones, this is a real factor of production and an essential element of agricultural efficiency. The price, taste, and nutritional value of our food supply depends on the farm family's willingness to plow a bit of themselves into the land. Confucius said it centuries ago: "The best fertilizer is the footsteps of the landowner." No amount of chemical spray can replace it.

Since 1952 agricultural efficiency (output per man hour) on farms has increased by 330 per cent, compared with a 20-year increase of 160 per cent in manufacturing industries. That record is unmatched in the rest of the economy. More importantly, the record has been set on average-size

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farms, not on the ponderous landholdings of the conglomerates.

Apologists for agricultural gigantism are fond of trotting out the phrase "economies of scale," used by academics to express the relationship between size and efficiency. In agriculture the phrase expresses a very simple economic concept—for every crop there is an optimum size for efficient production. Obviously there are inefficiencies if acreage is too small, but it is often forgotten that there are also inefficiencies if acreage is too large.

"Farming offers no great operating efficiency from large-size units," Breimyer and Barr concluded. "Scale economy in crop production is handicapped by space and distance—there are cost disadvantages in farming acreages located far from headquarters." Any gains in scale of operation or in integration of economic functions are offset by such cumbersome and inefficient factors as absentee decision-making, added levels of management, employment of administrative staff, increased labor bills, and heavier capital investments. An official of the Ralston Purina Company—one of the largest corporate farmers—admitted recently that "the individual farmer or family corporation can meet, and many times surpass, the efficiency of the large units that operate with hired management."

The family farm turns out to be the optimum size for most crops. In the only official report issued on the subject, the U. S. Department of Agriculture (USDA) found that maximum efficiency generally is achieved "at a relatively small size of operation and remains more or less constant through the very large size range." The 1968 study concluded that the highly touted economies of scale already exist on today's "modern and fully mechanized one-man or two-man operation."

The surprising implication is that today's inefficiencies are more often a product of agricultural bigness than of smallness. For example, in materials submitted to the U. S. Senate migratory labor subcommittee in 1972, the USDA reported that the optimum size for a California vegetable farm was 440 acres. Yet, the average size of the corporate farms that dominate vegetable production in California is 3,206 acres—eight times larger than efficiency warrants. Seventy-three per cent of California vegetables are produced on farms that are much larger than optimum size.

And so the first tenet of Butzculture—that bigger farms will mean cheaper food—is certainly suspect. Consequently, if corporations completely take over the food supply there will be no great leaps in efficiency. Rather, as we shall see, corporate farming will bring with it a host of other disadvantages.

Plenty of Peaches

But if the family farmer is so efficient, why isn't he rich? His financial problems stem from finding himself squeezed from either side by big

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business. From one side the pinch comes from "input" suppliers, the companies that sell such necessities as land, seed, fertilizers, pesticides, feed, and machinery. While the price farmers receive for their products has increased only six per cent since 1952, overhead has risen by a whopping 122 per cent.

From the other side the farmer feels the pinch from the "output" corporations that process, market, and retail his products. This is a highly concentrated, oligopolistic industry, involving such familiar names as Del Monte, General Mills, Ralston Purina, Minute Maid, Kraft, United Brands, Dole, A&P, and Holly Farms. These are the middlemen, separating the farmer from the consumer and taking two thirds of the food dollar along the way. A 1966 study by the Federal Trade Commission (FTC) showed that the 100 largest food manufacturers (three tenths of one per cent of the total industry) accounted for 46 per cent of the industry's total "value added," 60 per cent of the food manufacturing assets, and 71 per cent of all profits.

This concentrated power can come down hard on family farmers, who are numerous, over-productive, and unorganized. The farmer has no choice but to sell his vegetables, hogs, feed grains, fruits, and other commodities to these corporate processors, marketers, and retailers. In effect, output corporations are thus able to control the farmer's access to market. This means that a relatively small number of firms are able to dictate what will be produced—as well as how much, what quality, and at what price.

For example, fruit and vegetable farmers technically could bargain with any of 1,200 U. S. canners. In fact they must deal with just the four canners that control a quarter of the market and set industry practices. Just one of those corporations—Del Monte—boasts of controlling "roughly 16 per cent of total U. S. sales" of all canned fruits and vegetables. Within selected commodities, market control is frequently much tighter. A Tenneco subsidiary controls 70 per cent of the date industry, while Del Monte accounts for nearly half of all canned peaches. A farmer who does not want to produce peaches on Del Monte's terms can look forward to a long winter of peach eating.

Agribusiness corporations have put even greater pressure on the farmer through the trend toward "vertical integration." In simple terms, this means that a corporation which previously had sold to or bought from a farmer decides to become a farmer itself. In most cases, vertical integration is accomplished through contracts with farmers; the corporation does not become a farmer, it rents one.

Chronic low prices for their product, unavailability of credit, and the sheer market power of the corporate integrator all combine to force farmers into signing contracts that promise a corporate middleman a certain amount at a given price. Corporations can lock up an entire market, forcing farmers either to sign contracts or to go under.

Despite the farmers' resistance, vertical and contractual integration is increasing, affecting nearly a fourth of total farm output. Integration of certain food commodities has gone much further than the norm. Integrated farming now accounts for the production of:

51 per cent of fresh vegetables
95 per cent of processing vegetables
70 per cent of potatoes
85 per cent of citrus fruits
40 per cent of other fruits and nuts
100 per cent of sugar cane and sugar beets
80 per cent of seed crops
98 per cent of fluid-grade milk
40 per cent of eggs
97 per cent of broilers
54 per cent of turkeys

Pressed from one side by rising

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input costs and from the other by output corporations that pay too low a price, and from top and bottom by corporations offering vertical integration contracts, many family farmers are now also confronted with the crushing weight of another corporate force—the conglomerate.

To gauge its impact, take a look at Sunday dinner. It just isn't what it used to be. The turkey is from Greyhound, and the ham is from ITT; the fresh vegetable salad is from Tenneco, with lettuce from Dow Chemical; potatoes by Boeing are placed alongside a roast from John Hancock Mutual Life; the strawberries are by Purex, and there are after-dinner almonds from Getty Oil.

Stacking the Deck

It is raw economic power and favorable government treatment rather than increased efficiency which has given agricultural conglomerates their competitive advantage. The family farmer receives only a small share of the billions of dollars the government spends annually in his name. Income and price-support payments are based on volume and acreage, thus putting a premium on bigness and awarding the largest payments to those least in need. Tax-supported research and extension programs have developed a technological arsenal that is rarely adaptable to the family farmer's scale of operation. Tax laws have attracted the non-economic competition of rich, urban investors looking for a rural tax shelter.

Take irrigation. Water from federal reclamation projects is supposed to go only to farm units of less than 160 acres, but this limitation has never been enforced, allowing some of the largest landholders in the country to prosper from subsidized water. The massive Russian wheat deal was made in the name of farmers, but it was kept secret until the producers had sold their crop cheaply to grain-exporting middlemen.

While tirelessly praising the family farmer over the past 30 years and basking in his productivity and efficiency, the government has been selling him out to corporate America. There has been a lot of hand-wringing over the elimination of three million farms in three decades, but agricultural economists and other corporate apologists have rushed forward to assure us that it was all "inevitable." Butz has underlined the point:

> When I said we were going to have upwards of a million fewer farmers by 1980, that didn't mean necessarily that I approved of that. I simply was reporting what is going to happen. I think it is inevitable.

This is the inevitability of a stacked deck. The reason agribusiness corporations are increasingly dominating agriculture is that Earl Butz and his colleagues have spent their lifetimes making it so. With the farm bloc on the wane in Congress and with food prices at an all-time high, Secretary Butz is at last in a position to implement his vision of a highly capitalized, highly integrated, highly in-

Exploitation on the Farm

Nothing regulates the hours of work of the individual entrepreneur, and nothing at all regulates the intensity of his effort. He may thus be in a position to offset the higher technical productivity of the better-equipped worker in the organized, but regulated, sector of the economy by working longer, harder, or more intelligently than his organization counterpart. . . . in doing so, he reduces his compensation per unit of effective and useful effort expended. He is, to put the matter differently, almost wholly free, as the organization is not, to exploit his labor force since his labor force consists of himself. . . . Self-exploitation is extremely important for the survival of the small firm. It is vital in agriculture.

—John Kenneth Galbraith
Economics and the Public Purpose

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dustrialized and highly concentrated agricultural economy.

Out on the hustings, the Secretary of Agriculture gets folksy, calling farm people "the salt of the earth," branding himself their "cowhand on the Potomac," and exhorting them during the 1972 presidential campaign to vote for Nixon or "lose your Butz." Back in Washington, however, the Secretary is moving with cold determination to restructure agriculture and leave these fine folks with little more than the salt in their sweatbands.

"The promised land for agriculture," he gushed in a May speech, "is near at hand." Butz was not just gaffing a bunch of farmers. He was addressing the National Agricultural Advertising and Marketing Association. The audience was significant, for these food executives are the chosen few of Butzculture—the policy that would shift power away from efficient family farmers and put it squarely in the hands of processing, marketing, and exporting corporations.

In a 1967 paper written for the President's National Advisory Commission on Food and Fiber, three economists predicted that "many farming operations will become 'on-line production factories.'" The authors offered this view of how American agriculture will look in 1980:

> The farm of the future will be a carefully integrated complex; it will extend from genetic research outputs to end products tailored to consumer preferences. Coordination will be accomplished through numerous types of decision structure systems. Farm managers, corporations, financial institutions, and governmental units will work together as teams or units.

This structure is the goal of the Butz administration. Food manufacturing firms will integrate and direct farm production, and will control the flow of food to consumers. Of course, some "farms" will still exist under the new order, but these 500,000 or so large-scale enterprises that survive will be controlled by the managements of integrated corporations.

Butzculture is the final enforcement of Butz's 1955 admonition to farmers: "Adapt" to the new agriculture "or die, resist, and perish."

Butzculture is not a manifesto. It does not exist as a government document, loudly proclaimed and widely disseminated. In fact, the Secretary of Agriculture has even refused to submit an Administration farm bill to Congress. "There won't be a Butz plan," the Secretary has declared. "If you get your name on something, they'll just shoot you out of the saddle."

"Yet a plan does exist," *The Wall Street Journal* reported last January, claiming that a Butz speech the previous month "offered a peek at it." From such glimpses must Butzculture be pieced together—little clues are found in speeches, in administrative actions, and in legislative recommendations. When assembled, there are three basic elements:

1. Government will get out of agriculture, leaving that mythical favorite, the "free market," to work its will.
2. The stress will be on "full productivity," with the idea that any surplus will be sold abroad.
3. The small farmer will be dismissed entirely, and the rhetorical and programmatic support will be for well-capitalized, integrated farming.

Get the Farmers Out of Farming

The "return to the free market" aspect of the plan would be the drollest, were it not also the most serious threat to efficient farming. It has, of course, been accompanied by President Nixon's exhortations to "keep the government off the farm." In contrast, Georgia Senator Herman Talmadge, chairman of the Senate Agriculture Committee and no fan of big government, is not nearly as eager to cast family farmers out into a "free market": "I am a conservative man. The idea of getting government out of agriculture is basically very appealing to me. But I would be a

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traitor to the people of my state and nation if I were a participant in such a scheme."

There is no "free market" elsewhere in today's economy. It does not exist for GM, for cab drivers, for AFL-CIO members, or for anyone else, nor should it. A "free market" is a market out of control and open to domination by concentrated power. If any product should be spared the rigors of such a marketplace, it's food. A steady food supply is the public's most basic need, as governments since that of Louis XVI have ignored at their peril. That supply is not something to be turned over to the whim of uncertain market forces.

American farm policy since the New Deal days has consciously avoided the social disaster that a "free market" would bring. Farm programs exist today because agricultural America is potentially too productive—if all the available land were farmed, we would face enormous gluts.

To avoid such overproduction the government long ago devised two main programs. One is the "price support" approach, under which the government guarantees the farmer a minimum price for certain of his products. The other is limiting the acreage planted in, say, corn or soybeans, with the government paying the farmer to keep the land out of production.

Butzculture would dismantle both systems. Land retirement is the easier target since it has always been an enormously unpopular program. Some of this unpopularity is well deserved, for most of the benefits go to the largest landholders. But for the wrong reasons—to further weaken public management of the farm supply—Butz has joined the attack. As for price supports, Butz recently recommended that they "be phased out over a three-year period."

The easily obscured essence of Butzculture is that, by getting the government out of farming, it will get the small farmers out of farming too. The removal of price supports and land retirement will, for a time, cause farm prices to drop. Conglomerates and integrated producers have the outside resources to see them through such lean times, but family farmers do not. As the Agriculture Department's director of agricultural economics, Don Paarlberg, wrote Senator Talmadge last February:

> Complete removal of all production restraints and all price support activities in 1974 might cause substantial increases in production, sharp drops in farm product prices, and even greater drops in net farm incomes in the immediate years after removal of controls. The result would be an increased economic squeeze on most farmers, with possible failure or withdrawal of many marginal farms.

In the short run, consumers would be eating cheaply, but not for long. "If we drive the family farmer off the farm," Talmadge warned last April, "and leave the production of the nation's food supplies to a few large corporations that can command any price they want, then the consumer will, indeed, pay through the nose."

Before the family farmer is discarded—while still efficient, productive, and competitive—we ought to take a hard look at where we are being led. It is not just the family farm that is threatened by corporate agribusiness and the new agricultural policy, it is the price and quality of the American food supply.

The Butz plan for an integrated, concentrated agriculture is not put forward in the name of corporations, which will profit, but in the name of consumers, who will pay. The Secretary said last May that "a market-oriented agriculture lets production shift and adjust as consumer preferences change and as foreign demand grows." The bait there is the suggestion that sovereign consumers will have this concentrated economy firmly in hand. Consumer to processor-marketer to farmer is the play that Secretary Butz diagrams for the public. He knows better. It is in that middle sector of producer-marketers that power really will be concen-

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trated, and both supply and demand will flow from there.

In the new agriculture, what is produced, how much of it, what quality, and what price will be the decisions of these integrated corporations. In a word, oligopoly.

Assistant Agriculture Secretary Robert Long, who was a vice president of Bank of America before moving into USDA this year, wrote happily about corporate prospects in a concentrated agriculture: "As agriculture progresses to fewer and fewer units, those remaining will find it easier to work together in the search for a new formula for a more profitable return."

In contrast, Breimyer and Barr warned, "If farming were to become so highly concentrated that production and marketing of some farm commodities would be confined to a few firms, any economies of size in production would be partly or wholly denied to the consumer." And that's exactly where Earl Butz has us headed.

What Goes Up Never Comes Down

In a highly concentrated, noncompetitive food system, prices go up, not down. Last year the Federal Trade Commission found that consumers are being overcharged more than $2 billion a year for food because of monopolies within just 13 food lines. Things promise to get much worse.

Even less likely is the prospect that any savings from a concentrated food system will be passed along to the consumer. Del Monte, for example, recently abandoned its asparagus operations in California, Oregon, and Washington and moved them to Mexico, where cheap labor has reduced the corporation's production costs by 45.1 per cent. But of course the price of Del Monte asparagus has not gone down. The savings have stayed with the corporation.

Advertising and shelf space have a greater impact on prices than do factors of supply, efficiency, or product quality. The food industry model might well be ready-to-eat breakfast cereals, where four corporations—Kellogg, General Mills, General Foods, and Quaker Oats—control 91 per cent of the market. There is no competition in price or quality. The cereals are essentially the same, differentiated only by color and shape. The only "competition" is in merchandising techniques—animated television commercials, radio jingles, package designs, contests, and other promotional gimmicks we have come to know on supermarket shelves.

Del Monte, with an advertising budget in excess of $15 million a year, has succeeded in creating the impression that its canned goods are of superior quality. But any shipment of Del Monte peaches, for example, contains the same USDA grade that often sells for less under other labels. A 1969 Department of Agriculture study found that in half the cans sampled, Del Monte products contained less fruit and more liquid than any competitive brands. But like Bayer aspirin, because of its advertising, Del Monte can still sell its products at higher prices than its competitors.

It gets down to this: packaging and merchandising are becoming more important pricing factors than the food itself. It's one thing for gasoline to be priced and sold by such artificial gimmicks—but food? Already, food corporations have become the biggest investors in television advertising. As the food economy becomes more concentrated—and under the Butz plan it will—shoppers will have as much control over the price and quality of a tomato as they do over a new Chevrolet.

Higher prices may not be the greatest cost that consumers pay for concentration in agriculture. There is also the danger posed primarily by three corporate objectives in agriculture: 1) substitution of technology for labor; 2) standardization of the food supply; and 3) introduction of synthetic foods.

The saddest comment to make on

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these "changes" is that the direction in which they will lead us is already familiar. Butzculture will mean more of the same—hard tomatoes, such as the "Red Rock" variety Rutgers University has just developed; rubbery chickens; hamburgers without meat; and meat filled with additives; pesticides in our food and in our land. Given a laboratory and an adequate advertising budget, the food manufacturers are willing to reshape the American diet. Given a concentrated food industry, they will be in a position to do just that.

Helping the Little Guy Out

Butzculture has no room for smallness. Nowhere has that been made clearer than in the USDA's effort to alter the official definition of a farm. Under proposals made to the Census Bureau in 1972 and 1973, families grossing less than $5,000 a year in sales of agricultural products would not be considered farmers—even if their sole occupation and sole source of income was farming. The $5,000 cut-off level would rule out 56 per cent of the farms in the country. This is likely to mean that these families will be overlooked in future farm programs as well. It is an effort by USDA to put the small producer out of sight and out of mind. The collection of demographic data is a kind of Washington magic—there is no farm income problem if there are no statistics to show it.

Under Butzculture, the small farmer is no longer an agricultural problem—he is a welfare problem. Having failed millions of small-scale operators during the past 30 years, USDA now washes its hands of them. Out of the Department come recommendations that at least half the farmers in the country must abandon agriculture. Where shall they go? Well, they could apply for benefits under the Family Assistance Plan, if it were enacted, or they could enroll for vocational education, if Nixon hadn't vetoed the bill, or OEO could help them, if it were not being dismantled—or, better yet, industries could be given a tax bonus to locate their plants in the rural areas and put all these little guys on the assembly line.

Rural development is USDA's answer to their small-farmer "problem." The Department even has a new post that it can point to as evidence of concern—assistant secretary for rural development. But the effort here is not to help the little guy in farming, it's to help him out of farming. The 1972 Rural Development Act could help small farmers shift to crops in which they could be more competitive, it could provide better marketing information, it could help them maximize their efficiency through cooperative practices—it could do as much for the small farmer as it does for the biggest farmer and for corporate agribusiness. But it does not. The Act authorized a special $10-million research and extension program for small farmers. The Administration, has sought no funding for that provision in its new budget.

While USDA ignores the needs of small farmers, it gives rapt attention to the wishes of corporate agribusiness. From genetic research programs to Russian wheat deals, USDA is present to promote agricultural bigness, integration, and industrialization. There is a reason for that: USDA officials are themselves products of agribusiness. Prior to becoming Secretary of Agriculture, Earl Butz, for example, served as a paid board member of Ralston Purina, Stokely Van Camp, and International Minerals and Chemical Corporation.

The greatest tragedy of Butzculture is that it squanders one of our rare opportunities to make progress a friend of human beings. We've grown so accustomed to thinking of any small enterprises as debris in the path of efficiency that we've assumed that sentiment is the small farmer's only defense. In fact, the family farmers can feed us better than the corporations can, unless Butzculture drives them off the land. ■

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Memo of the Month

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- ☐ Special qualification requirements are not met.
- ☐ Time in grade requirements are not met.
- ☒ Other. you were not selected

☐ Your application is returned for the following reasons(s):

- ☐ There are no present or anticipated vacancies commensurate with your qualifications. Acceptance of application is limited to the line of work in which a turnover is expected.
- ☐ You do not appear to have Federal Civil Service status. Position in which you are interested require eligibility from a U. S. Civil Service examination or a reinstatement of a former Federal employee with competitive status. You are advised to contact your local Civil Service Commission Area Office for examination announcement for which you might file.

EEOC (Personnel Division) 1800 G Street, N. W. Washington, D. C. 20506	QUALIFYING OFFICIAL (Signature) Ronald B Krueger	DATE 7/24/73

Right to Read: Lost in PR

by Wallace Roberts

In 1970 the Nixon Administration began a campaign to eliminate illiteracy in the United States. The requisite press conference was called and the President made the solemn pledge that every American's "right to read" would be realized by the end of the decade. It was an embarrassing problem: 18 million Americans are functionally illiterate, unable to fill out simple forms or read without assistance. The United States, France, and Belgium share the distinction of having the highest rate of functional illiteracy among the world's developed countries. The problem has shown no signs of abating, with illiteracy levels remaining constant for the last 20 years.

After three years, the tangible accomplishments of the Right to Read program border on the nonexistent. All this elaborate program has done is train 2,000 volunteer tutors—if a weekend workshop really can be called training. There is virtually no evidence that the tutors actually have taught anyone to read.

After the experiences of the Great Society, such debacles no longer cause outrage or even surprise. But Right to Read was supposed to be different. Unlike the liberal social welfare programs of the 1960s, it was specifically designed to avoid the pitfalls of the Great Society. The history of the Right to Read program provides a revealing glimpse of how a program can pass through all the stages of bureaucratic life from creation to interment and leave only a few well-paid consultants the sadder for its departure.

The idea of Right to Read was developed in 1969 by the late James Allen, Richard Nixon's first Commissioner of Education. Allen, a Democrat, had acquired passable Republican credentials during the 12 years he served Nelson Rockefeller as New York's Commissioner of

Wallace Roberts, American editor of Little Red Schoolhouse, *is writing a book on the federal role in education, tentatively titled* Ding Dong Politics.

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Education. Allen came to the Office of Education with his eyes open, knowing the agency would be short on both White House support and money for new programs. Right to Read was conceived as a program which would surmount these obstacles. The program had a clear goal—to eliminate illiteracy. For an administration that was anti-bureaucratic, the Right to Read program was designed to appeal to Richard Nixon by being loose and informal, avoiding huge government handouts by relying on an army of volunteer tutors. This nationwide system of tutors was envisioned as a tangible outgrowth of the President's vague rhetoric about the virtues of "volunteerism." On paper the program was ideal—a model of cut-rate social reform.

While still formulating the program's general outline, Allen began a series of discussions with Walter Straley, vice president for public relations at AT&T. Straley, a former member of the New York City school board, and more importantly, a personal friend of John Ehrlichman, also had some experience in the field. One of his responsibilities at AT&T had been to initiate and supervise programs in basic skills training for telephone employees.

The Office of Education already was overseeing remedial reading programs administered by state school systems. But Allen realized that reorganizing existing programs under a new slogan would not be enough. An organization outside the Office of Education would not only circumvent the educational bureaucracy, but could also reach the millions of illiterate adults who had dropped out or graduated without learning to read.

Development of the Right to Read program was spurred by the bureaucratic prestige of being mentioned in President Nixon's State of the Union address in January of 1970. Later that year Allen authorized Straley to organize the National Reading Center (NRC) as a private, non-profit corporation to find, train, and provide organizational support for the volunteer tutors. Although the National Reading Center had an Office of Education grant, it had no program, no method, no theory, and only the vaguest of plans.

Reflecting the J. Walter Thompson style of the Administration, Straley's first step was to hire a public relations firm, which recommended the formation of a National Reading Council. Theoretically, the Council would set policy for the Center, but its real purpose was to give a star-studded, bipartisan allure to the program. Early in the summer, First Lady Pat Nixon was named honorary chairman. Glen Campbell, Buzz Aldrin, Art Linkletter, Senator Claiborne Pell, Mrs. John Ehrlichman, and Fran Tarkenton have also served on the Council.

Serving in Style

In August, 1970, when the Center's initial, $1.5-million grant was approved, Straley set out to hire a staff. The following January, he appointed Donald Emery as executive director. Emery had been superintendent of schools in two of the nation's most exclusive communities—Scarsdale, New York, and Shaker Heights, Ohio—receiving salaries commensurate with his employers' tax base. Not one to make financial sacrifices to serve his country, Emery insisted on a $50,000-a-year contract with NRC plus retirement, health, and insurance benefits. In addition, he brought with him a rental car which had been paid for by the Scarsdale school board. Once Emery arrived in Washington, NRC picked up the tab.

The next step in the fight against illiteracy was to secure office space. With grants from the Ford Foundation, Straley hired a consulting firm, Educational Facilities Laboratory, to help in this vital quest. Either because of or in spite of the firm's recommendations, Straley signed a five-year lease for the top two floors of a new office building at 1776 Massachusetts Avenue—almost twice as much space

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as called for in the Center's original grant proposal. Not satisfied with his new quarters, Straley hired an architect to redecorate. What emerged was an expansive space without interior walls, broken only by pastel panels and color-coded furniture. An aura of slick competence came with the expensive decor—$1,000 desks and $75 wastebaskets.

When it came to office supplies, though, the Office of Education balked. The Center's request for two-color stationery was denied with the comment that "it would appear that it is more for decorative than functional purposes."

Up to this point, the Office of Education's contract officer, Jacob Maimone, had paid little attention to the NRC. This was partly political judgment and partly an act of self-preservation: Maimone is responsible for up to 1,500 grants at a time, and besides, he knew that Right to Read was a top-priority project with both White House backing and bipartisan support on Capitol Hill.

But by the spring of 1971, Maimone, curious about the money spent on office renovation, began pushing for the fiscal details he had only politely requested before. His appeals fell on deaf ears. Finally, on April 23, he issued an ultimatum:

THIS INFORMATION HAS BEEN REQUESTED SINCE OCT., 1970. NO FURTHER EXTENSION IS GRANTED.

Within a few days, the NRC submitted a budget for the first half of the year. Its deliberate vagueness kept Maimone and his colleagues busy for almost another year trying to pin down just how much money had been spent for how many fancy wastebaskets. What Maimone did discover was that Emery's $50,000 salary was $10,000 more than Office of Education regulations permit and $14,000 more than the Commissioner himself received.

By this time, James Allen, the originator of the Right to Read program, was no longer Commissioner of Education. Allen was fired for pub-

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licly protesting the 1970 Cambodia invasion and was replaced by Sidney Marland.

Marland was informed of the developing patterns in the anti-illiteracy campaign and quickly took steps to gain control over Right to Read. He bitterly criticized the Center's "Ten Million Tutors" plan—the only specific program drawn up by the National Reading Center. Marland complained in a letter to Straley:

> There is no sequence of activities proposed. There is no justification nor comparison of the relative effectiveness of this and other programs. There is no indication that the Council has approved the tutor plan or the whole plan or that the members of the Council have agreed to do what the plan says they will do.

In July, 1971, Marland gave the Office of Education's Ruth Holloway responsibility for monitoring the Right to Read program. Holloway criticized the NRC's latest budget proposal, focusing on the high salaries, extensive and costly use of consultants, and extravagant office expenses. She also challenged the Center on jurisdictional grounds, claiming that the NRC was duplicating the work of the Office of Education by not confining its activities to the private sector.

No One Gyps Emery

The controversy over the Center's spending continued until the spring of 1972. In May of that year the auditors rendered their final judgment: the Center had misspent a total of $305,300. The Office of Education ruled that $110,000 might have been allowed if the Center had properly sought approval. Also excused was $88,000 in architectural and renovation expenditures. But the auditors insisted that the Center return the remaining $107,000—a rather empty threat since the NRC's only continuing source of funding was the Office of Education grant.

A look at the squandered funds yields some interesting yet predictable insights into the Center's priorities. One item included in the unexcused $107,000 was $5,800 in excess wages paid to Donald Emery. When Maimone discovered that Emery was making $50,000 a year, the Office of Education reduced his pay to $40,000, the maximum permitted by law. But Emery demanded the full $50,000. Straley supported him, insisting to Office of Education officials that he had a valid contract.

After this exposure of the "misspent funds," both Emery and Straley resigned, but Emery didn't stay away for long. In May he was hired by the NRC as a planning consultant for three months at $3,333.33 a month—just one penny less than the unpaid portion of his original $50,000 salary.

No new appropriation bill has been passed for the Right to Read program in the past year and NRC has been limping along on an extension of its 1972 grant.

The program's accomplishments are manifest. In its first two years of operations the Center spent about $4 million. In 1971, only $13,200 of its $1.2-million budget was expended for tutor training; the rest of its money went for overhead. Even today 90 per cent of the Center's budget is administrative expenses. Of the 10 million tutors it set out to train, the Center managed to instruct some 2,000. It also printed up thousands of brochures on reading and contracted for spot radio and TV announcements. Perhaps its most notable achievement has been persuading milk companies to carry labels on their containers extolling the virtues of reading. On the public relations front, the National Reading Center hired pollster Lou Harris twice, at nearly $50,000 a shot, to discover there were 18 million Americans in need of its services.

If NRC gets any new funds, Office of Education officials say privately, it will only be enough to close down the entire operation. The only ones who feel worse about that than Donald Emery are the 18 million functionally illiterate people still left in the U.S. ■

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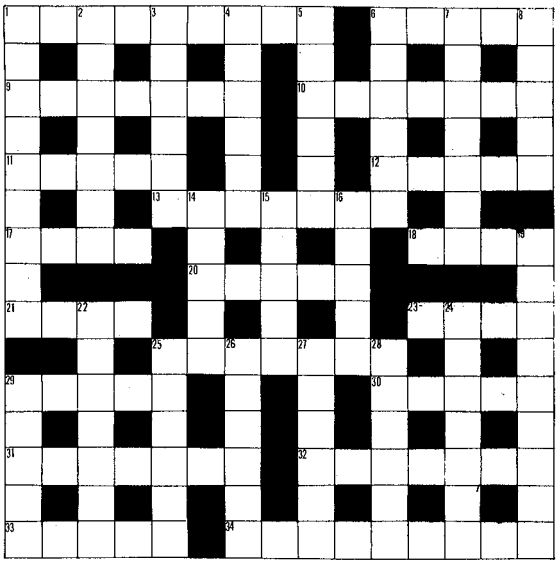
the political puzzle

by John Barclay



ACROSS

1. How does raw tea get Nixon in trouble. (9)
6. Comes before name and X. (5)
9. How the deuce to swoop crazily between tutees. (3-4)
10. Where the mixed rate is enacted. (7)
11. Deep thinker in the gelatin. (5)
12. Editor slipped in following Eastern railroad. (5)
13. He surely is free of treason. (7)
17. Approached the middle in suntog. (4)
18. Find way out in index itself. (4)
20. Number of pounds in the weights. (5)
21. Fall voyage? (4)
23. Choose a side on the fifteenth. (4)
25. Rut crop is worst government product. (7)
29. At the foot to plead his case. (5)
30. Gives you nine reasons for dozing. (5)
31. As a rule, fat makes one unhappy. (7)
32. Pat toad to get along. (5, 2)
33. Unfriendly party-givers? (5)
34. Tardy eyes look backward. (9)

DOWN

1. Vindictive search sounds like choice of Lamar or Howard. (9)
2. Reflected hot thug. (7)
3. Phosphorus in movie units drives one back. (6)
4. This deed is current, back it no more. (6)
5. Former tepee reaches this far? (6)
6. He makes suds in macabre werewolf's den. (6)
7. More than a prescription required to cure this. (7)
8. The adder ventured his total. (5)
14. "They shall see ___eye." Isaiah LII, 7. (3, 2)
15. A display of heat from the kitchen range. (5)
16. Come in neither second nor pronto. (2, 3)
19. Ehrlichman and Haldeman go out on misty note. (9)
22. Cleveland group stops at Said Inn. (7)
24. Showed that generosity is not dead. (7)
25. Richey and Drysdale reach new heights? (6)
26. It's true about friend! (6)
27. Sets cans up for quick use. (6)
28. Cardholding can't ease pain. (6)
29. Tar spiel? (5)

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e.g., (2, 3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e.g., USA, are treated as one word. Answers to last month's puzzle are on page 56.

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Wide World Photos

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MEANWHILE THE REALITIES

'Classification' and 'Adjustment' in a Maryland Women's Prison

by Polly Toynbee

The Maryland Correctional Institution for Women stands on its own in a field in Jessup, where it has been for more than 40 years. Nearby are Maryland's other main prisons—the Men's Correctional Institute, the Detention Camp, and the Patuxent, an institution for "deficient delinquents." Of all these, the women's institution is said to be the least brutal, allows the most freedom, and has the best and most comfortable facilities.

There are 170 inmates. Their average age, according to Superintendent Harry Traurig, is somewhere around 25, although many look a lot older. More than 70 per cent are black. The women have an average of three children each. Last year, six babies were born in prison. All of the women are serving sentences of 90 days or more—those with shorter terms are kept in city or county jails. Most of the crimes they have committed are property crimes, larceny of one sort or another. Forty to fifty per cent of the inmates have drinking or drug problems. Sixty per cent are drug users of some kind, though not necessarily addicts. There are 70 correctional officers: 62 female, eight male.

Around the perimeter of the prison is a 14-foot wire fence with coiled barbed wire on top. The big front gate is pulled shut, but not locked, all day. There is no watch tower and only one guard is on duty. Just inside the gate is the new Administration Building, built a year ago: brick outside, painted cinder block inside. The whole place is very green. A field with woods behind it stretches away from the high fence. All you see from the

Polly Toynbee is an editor of The Washington Monthly.

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outside is the bright, new Administration Building and an old, red-brick chapel, surrounded by trees. From the gate, and from the Administration Building, the buildings where the inmates live are not clearly visible. In spite of the green, the place is indefinably blank and drear. The landscape inside the wall is featureless and empty, as if the high fence cast a long shadow in all directions.

Inside the superintendent's office the yellow curtains were partially drawn to keep out the sun. The stereo was playing quietly, and the air conditioning was silent. Harry Traurig has been superintendent for three years. Mr. Traurig is a large man with dark hair pushed back from his forehead. He talks enthusiastically to visitors about the rehabilitation programs, the vocational training, the educational and extracurricular facilities at the prison. He is particularly proud of the volunteers who come to the prison to run classes in the evenings, to lecture, and to organize discussion groups. The first class from the new cosmetology department graduated this summer, and there have already been one or two courses completed in welding.

Mr. Traurig avoids using words like "prison" and "jail," and often refers to the institution as a "structured environment." The prison is called a "campus," and the inmates are referred to as "residents," "ladies," or "girls." They don't have to wear uniforms. Their cells are called "rooms," and the buildings they live in are "cottages." As in other prisons, when inmates break the rules, they come before a hearing officer who "adjusts," not punishes, them. The superintendent refers to the main "employers" in the prison as the "sewing shop," "dietary services," and "custodial work" ("I hate to use the word janitor"). The work is called a "job," for which the inmates are paid somewhere between 40 cents and a dollar a day, and in theory, only those who want to work need do so. Most of the inmates are not locked into their rooms at night and are allowed their own televisions, if they can afford to buy special, battery-operated ones. There is an elected Residents' Council which communicates directly with the superintendent. There is also a whole range of privileges granted for good behavior. Mr. Traurig is pleased with the prison and says with some confidence, "I can sleep at night."

After talking to Mr. Traurig, I looked forward to my tour of the campus and the cottages. Handing me over to Jackie Byrd, a young black counselor, Mr. Traurig said, "You must remember, these people are human beings."

Miss Byrd led me from the Administration Building. As we came to the campus, I was disappointed to find only a large, square piece of grass surrounded on all four sides by massive institutional blocks—the cottages—grim, red-brick structures with bars on the windows and concrete steps leading up to locked wire doors.

It was a very hot day, and at this time in the afternoon the inmates were allowed recreation outside. Some of them were sitting on benches, a few were listening to radios. As we walked down the path beside the buildings, the women stared at us with mild curiosity. One or two called out to Miss Byrd; sometimes someone would stop us and talk with her. She was abrupt and firm with them but knew each by name. Some of them seemed to like her and made jokes or urgent requests of one sort or another.

One woman grabbed Miss Byrd by the arm, saying, "Come and talk to me, come on, sit down and talk." She was a very large girl, tall, black, with a hooked nose. At first I thought she was a man. She had a sunshade on her forehead and was wearing an old tee shirt and men's trousers. She put her face right into Miss Byrd's and talked caressingly, stroking the counselor's arm while keeping it firmly in a half nelson. Miss Byrd was young and pretty, thin as rhubarb, with arms like pencils. I was scared. There were one or two other women standing around,

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watching. Miss Byrd did not look alarmed, and she told the girl to let go, saying that she had no time to waste talking. The woman turned to me and asked Miss Byrd who I was. She explained that I was a journalist.

By this time I was really afraid. It seemed to me that anything could happen, that these were frightening people—many of them looked so strong, and quite a few looked so male. Gone for the moment were my thoughts of opening the jails and letting the prisoners all go free. I was glad they were in there. I remembered that Mr. Traurig had said that it would be dangerous for me to walk around the place unescorted. He had said something about not wanting to have me "bopped on the head," and at the time I had made a mental note that he was trying to censor me. Now I was expecting to be hit, and I wished I had someone other than this tiny counselor with me. I hoped I wouldn't have to talk with any of the inmates, for fear I might say the wrong thing and be attacked. I was looking forward to getting back to the Administration Building, with its bright paint, air conditioning, and normalcy.

But the young counselor had not been in the least upset by the incident. In fact, to her it wasn't an incident at all. I sensed then that the images of criminals and villainous escaped convicts that appear in children's books are always with us, just below the surface, ready to jump out at unsuspecting reformers.

We continued on our rounds. Outside one cottage was a young white girl wearing denim shorts and a top that exposed her midriff. She was sitting on a bench by the door of Lane Cottage, the house reserved for Maximum Security inmates and new arrivals. The girl stopped Miss Byrd and asked when she might be allowed out of restriction and placed in Grade 2 status, the most common classification. The counselor shook her head and said it wouldn't be for some time. As we walked on, Miss Byrd told me the girl had murdered a man. She and a friend had gone to a club one night and her friend had been refused admittance by the bouncer. They left, and five minutes later the girl returned to the club and shot the man. She was given a life sentence, which in Maryland means she must serve a minimum of 11 years and four months before becoming eligible for parole. She has already escaped from prison once, and as a result is "restricted"—locked in her room all day, except for two hours in the afternoon when she is allowed to sit on this bench by the door. At the trial, the girl's twin sister testified against her, and it was thought that if she got out again she would try to kill her sister. The policeman who found the girl after she escaped was almost shot. When he burst in on her, she said that she wanted to get her clothes from the bed. He was about to allow her to do so, when on second thought he went to pick them up himself and found a gun under them. The girl had a small, sweet face, an aura of innocence.

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The Classification Team is a powerful authority in the prison. It decides who will receive what status. There are no rules or laws regarding this process. The Team does not hand out what is officially recognized as punishment, and yet the whole prison is run through the classification system. The inmate's daily life depends entirely on the Team's decisions. The state prison rule book has this to say about the classification system:

> The Classification Team of the institution where you are assigned will be one of the most important factors in preparing you and helping you to return back to the community. You will be assigned to a classification counselor who is a member of the Team. The counselor will work with you and for you in helping you to get into the programs which will best benefit you.

The Team decides what job an inmate will do, which extracurricular activities she may participate in, and where she will live. Particularly important is the Team's power to restore good-behavior time that the prison's other supervisory board, the Adjustment Team, may take away when it finds the inmate guilty of breaking prison rules. When an inmate is brought before the Adjustment Team, there are a few laws governing the inmate's rights and there is an outside hearing officer. But no laws define a prisoner's rights when she appears before the prison's Classification Team. It is a purely internal administrative body.

Cornelius Royster, the prison's deputy superintendent, chairs the Classification Team. He is black and full of official jargon, a man strenuously aspiring to the position he holds. A counterbalance to his rigid opinions is Miss Hays, a middle-aged black woman who runs the education department. She is much liked by the inmates who know her. In addition, there is Jackie Byrd or one of the three other counselors, who sit on the Team when one of their cases is being evaluated.

The hearing I attended took place in the prison's board room. The Team heard a great many cases that day, most of them fairly routine.

The last case of the morning, Mr. Royster announced in a matter of fact way, was to be heard *in absentia*. It was an affair in which the inmate concerned would take no part. Her name was Carolyn Richardson, and in writing this article, hers is the only real name I have used. I can see no reason why her story should not be known and remembered:

"Now we come to Carolyn Richardson. This case will be held *in absentia* on account of her being possibly too disruptive to come here. As with anyone who has a long period under lock, her case will be automatically reviewed once every 30 days." The others on the Team were all clearly familiar with this case, and Miss Hays could be seen preparing herself for battle with Mr. Royster over the case. I could imagine this scene being reenacted every month, almost word for word.

"Last time we reviewed her we took away all her commissary privileges, as she had not behaved well. She has no television or radio or reading materials," said Miss Hays.

"I guess we don't have anything else to take from her," Miss Byrd said. Mr. Royster read over Carolyn's record, perhaps for my benefit, perhaps because he always read the record, even when everyone was familiar with it.

"I didn't get to typing her General Report," Miss Byrd said, apologetically. "It took too long just typing out her Adjustment Reports."

Carolyn Richardson's first infraction had been on April 23, after she had been in prison for a few months without getting into any trouble. She took a cup of coffee out of the dining room, which is against the rules even though inmates are allowed to make coffee in the cottages. She argued with the officer who reported her and was locked up for swearing. Then she refused to go to her room and had to be physically taken there. The Adjust-

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ment Team gave her a staggering sentence of one year of lock-up in the Maximum Security corridor.

The rule book says that Maximum Security "provides for constant and structured confinement and supervision of anyone considered to be a high escape risk or a danger or threat to themselves or any other persons in the institution, or anyone deemed to be a threat to the safety or security or well-being of the institution as a whole." A Maximum Security inmate is taken out of her room once a day for a shower and meals are passed through a slot in the locked metal door to her room.

I was allowed to peer through a hole in the door to the Maximum Security corridor, where Carolyn Richardson and others were kept. Through the wired glass all I could see was an even darker corridor. The windows have two layers of thick, metal mesh screens, which is about the same as having no windows at all.

After being hauled off to Maximum Security, Carolyn threw a glass of water at an officer. This was considered a serious physical assault, and Carolyn was given another year's lock-up. In June, she was charged with assault and attempted escape; a male officer accused her of having taken some piping out of the wall, and attempting to attack him. For this she got another year added to her lock-up time. Then, on June 21, Carolyn was charged with disrespect and was given another year. Later in the month she was accused of damaging state property. Another two years were added on. In all, her sentence in lock-up amounts to a total of seven years. Seven years in a tiny, empty cell, where the air doesn't get in. If the other inmates attempt to wave to her, they are punished. A few days earlier, Carolyn had blocked up the toilet in her room and continually flushed it until the water was six inches deep. It shows how much care and attention she was receiving that no one noticed what she was doing until the water

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poured down to the floors below. Now there is a system installed whereby Carolyn's toilet can be flushed only from outside the room by an officer. She was soon to appear in court on charges of attempted escape.

"Well, I'm afraid I can't say anything about her adjustment, except that it isn't getting better," Mr. Royster said, shaking his head. "Do you take her out of her room at all?"

"No, not at the moment," said Miss Byrd.

"Well, I think you should."

"She is taken out once a day for a shower. If she could behave herself in there she would be allowed out for recreation."

"She should be taken to the gym for some rec," Mr. Royster said. I wondered if he had only thought of this after all these months because I was there.

"Let's say, then, that if she can be good for two weeks we'll let her have a gym rec," Mr. Royster said.

Miss Byrd replied, "Doctor Guily (the prison psychiatrist) said Richardson is just a spoiled brat. He said all *she* needs is for him to put her across his knee and he'd sock it to her." Mr. Royster smiled.

"She's been raising hell to a progressive extent ever since that first infraction," he said. Miss Hays looked as if she couldn't contain herself any longer and her words came out in a rapid burst.

"How did it all start? It started with the coffee, something really small. She thinks she was unfairly treated. So many of them take coffee out, and she feels she was just picked on."

"Well, some people get caught and some don't. It's just the same thing on the street, isn't it?" Mr. Royster said.

"No, it isn't. This is a small institution with only a few people. Everyone *must* be treated the same. That is what Carolyn is rebelling against."

"She flooded the floor until it was *six inches* deep, and then she just laughed and wouldn't mop it up," Mr. Royster reminded us.

"I'm talking about how it started. How she got to be this desperate."

"Look," said Mr. Royster as if he was bored with going through this same discussion with Miss Hays, "we've given her every chance. We've told her that she can have a month off lock-up for every month that she's good. She'd be out of segregation in 1977."

"The trouble is," said Miss Byrd, shaking her head, "it's hard to understand what goes on in her mind. She just doesn't seem able to see that far ahead."

"Well," said Mr. Royster, wanting to bring the discussion to an end quickly. But Miss Byrd went on, "You know, at her first adjustment I just got this feeling about her. I thought then that it wouldn't take much to make her blood boil."

Miss Hays was still shaking her head and looking upset. She didn't seem able to produce a total criticism of the system that had locked Carolyn Richardson in, so she took an easy way out and spat at Mr. Royster: "You don't know what it is to be a woman! You don't know what being locked up does to a woman. A woman is a social being, needs society and people." Mr. Royster said nothing. I asked if it was normal for someone to get a year's lock-up for swearing and showing disrespect to an officer. Miss Hays said, "Ask *him*," nodding her head toward Royster. He sat back in his chair, laughing and throwing his hands in the air in an expansive gesture, "Oh, you ladies. You soft-hearted ladies. I just don't know what to say to you ladies."

That was all that was said about Carolyn Richardson.

Carolyn Richardson's case had been taken up by the Baltimore Legal Aid Bureau, which has a prisons project. A young lawyer named Luther Blakiston had just visited Carolyn for the first time when I spoke with him. He was appalled by her situation, but not optimistic about getting anything done: "I don't think anyone in that institution has stopped and asked

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themselves whether locking her up has made her better or worse."

In Quarantine

The structure of life in the prison is elaborate, intricate, and obsessive. The rules are hard to understand and the system takes a lot of studying before it can be fully grasped. As far as I could see in both the classification and adjustment hearings, a good many of the inmates didn't entirely understand the system. In spite of the strong prison tradition of the old hands passing down prison lore to the newcomers, the inmates were constantly taken by surprise, particularly by the rules governing the movement from one classification to another.

The tone of the prison is set by the treatment prisoners receive when they first arrive. Everyone agrees that the first week is the worst. Miss Bartram, the chief counselor, described the admission system for me in great detail. She explained, "On admission a girl is given a classification counselor and is brought here to this department. Here the ID work is done. Her counselor will chat with her. She will be asked if she has any problems. Does she have a cat at home that needs to be fed? Or a baby that needs looking after? If absolutely necessary she is allowed to make a phone call. We give her as much of a chance to ask questions as we can. She will ask things like, What can I wear? What will my schedule be? When can I have a visitor? She will then be escorted to Lane Cottage, where she will be put in quarantine for a minimum of five days. She will wear a paper hospital gown during this time to discourage contagious disease. After all, you don't know that her clothes aren't dirty and disease-carrying. Meals will be brought to her on a disposable tray, to avoid contagion. Later, she will be given a dress to wear and be taken over to the nurse's office for a blood test and an X-ray.

"She will then fill out a visiting card on which she is allowed to write 15 names. None of the names may be of people recently released from jail. No one who is not on that list may visit. She may revise the list later if she wishes. After she has had her physical and X-ray, she is allowed reading material and confined to her room. She will be allowed out once a day to wash and shower, and she will clean her room. The officer on duty may talk to her sometimes. Girls who pass by the room often tap on new girls' doors, in a friendly way. This is not permitted, but we turn a blind eye. When it is extremely hot, the doors of all inmates locked in may be opened at the discretion of the officer. The doors of women in quarantine must remain locked for the first few days, until the officer feels absolutely safe about them.

"When they first come in we have no way of knowing their mental condition or their behavior pattern. If, upon watching them through the door, they seem to have bad mental problems, we call for the psychiatrist."

The prisoners say that quarantine can be the worst part of a prison sentence. The new "resident" has no way of knowing what sort of life she is about to be thrown into. She has the Maryland prison rule book, but it applies more to men's institutions than women's, is hard to follow, and only outlines the system in the vaguest way. The new prisoner is left to her own thoughts and imaginings, without anyone to tell her anything. Some become so hysterical and desperate in those first few days, locked in a tiny, airless room, wearing only a paper gown, that they get into trouble and are "written up" for smashing furnishings, swearing at an officer, or attempting an escape, before ever having a chance to be unlocked.

After about a week, if she has behaved well, the new inmate will be transferred to "Admission" status. This lasts for about two weeks. While still restricted to Lane Cottage, she is no longer locked in her room. She is allowed to go out as far as the dining

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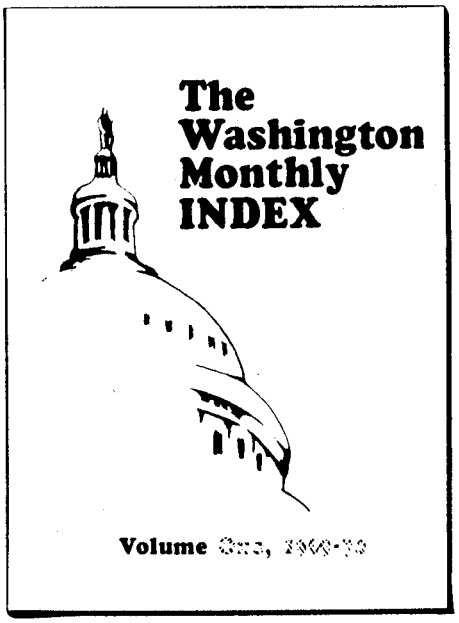

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room for meals, to have a visitor once a week, and use the cottage recreation room, where there is a television.

If at the end of two weeks she has committed no infraction, the new inmate appears before the Classification Team. If all has gone well, she will be put into Grade 2 status.

The rest of the grade system works as follows:

Grade 2, the most common status: One visit, one phone call a week. After reasonable behavior, a good chance of moving out of Lane, into C Cottage. Takes part in recreational activities. Lights out at 11 o'clock.

Grade 1, an "honor status": Must be in Grade 2 for a minimum of 60 days with no infractions before qualifying. (Inmates with long sentences usually take more than 60 days to get to Grade 1, presumably to give them something to work for, for a longer time.) Two visits, two phone calls a week, and allowed to keep light on in room until two o'clock. Grade 1 inmates live in B Cottage, the best in the place.

Minimum Security: Qualify only after 60 infraction-free days in Grade 1. Unlimited visits and phone calls, allowed to cook own food in the cottage.

Home Furlough: After 30 infraction-free days on Minimum Security. Must be within 10 months of parole eligibility. Allowed home for a weekend once every 60 days.

Work Release, top status: Inmates live in own cottage, with no officers. Must be within 10 months of parole and have 30 infraction-free days of Minimum Security. Allowed home every 30 days. Receive regular pay from outside jobs (mostly working in kitchens of local motels). Must pay $2.50 a day room and board and $1 a day for transportation.

Those are the carrots confronting the regular Grade 2 inmate. But she is equally likely to get the sticks, which are as follows:

Grade 3: Normal life during the day, locked in room after evening meal.

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Grade 4, the most common punishment: Total lock-up, either in own room or, for a more serious offense, in the Maximum Security corridor on the top floor of Lane Cottage. Meals on a tray. No contact with the prison community.

During the week I was there, the numbers in each grade were as follows:

Maximum Security: 8
Grade 4: 2
Grade 3: 8
Grade 2: 93
Grade 1: 19
Minimum Security: 31
Work Release: 9

The classification system is supposed to give the inmates incentives. It is supposed to make them feel that they have something to work towards, that they can earn their way out of prison rather than just sit out their time. Instead of using force, armed guards, locked doors, electric fences, and high watch towers, the prison pressures the women into obedience by offering petty rewards. The small, highly privileged group of women on work release is always there as a goal. But there are facilities for only a very few to be in the program at a time. So, however good all the inmates were, there would never be a situation in which more of the inmates were allowed on work release. Nor, for that matter, would the classification system work if everyone were moved to Grade 1 or Minimum Security. Although the counselors and officers probably don't think of it in such a Machiavellian way, the prison system requires that a large number of people be constantly found guilty of small offenses and be put down in status from time to time.

It is the arbitrary aspect of the classification system rather than the incentives it falsely offers that has the greatest effect on the women. Even if all the other prisoners were treated humanely, the simple fact of Carolyn Richardson's imprisonment up there behind her heavy meshed screen window, out of sight and out of contact, would entirely alter the quality of everyone's life in that place. The same thing might happen to any of them at any moment. Carolyn's name came up again and again when I talked with other inmates. She cast a gloom over the whole place. None of the women I talked with thought she was in any way dangerous. They knew as well, or better than anyone, which inmates were dangerous. The prison had hounded Carolyn and driven her to a point of complete desperation.

The Counselors

I had a long talk over lunch with two of the counselors, Miss Citrenbaum and Miss Byrd. They both described how they had graduated from universities and couldn't find jobs. "I majored in psych and minored in soc," said Miss Citrenbaum, who is young and pretty, with long, red hair. "I didn't think I'd have any trouble finding work. My father was making payments on a new car for me, as we both were sure I'd be working very soon and be able to pay him back, but as time went on, I kept going to interviews where there were thousands of applicants for very few jobs. Finally, I saw there was a job here. I'd never thought of working in a prison. I didn't like the idea and neither did my family, but I was desperate and thought I'd try it. After my first week I didn't think I'd last. It's such hard work, and you always begin by being too sympathetic. You get taken in so many times by the inmates. They con you. They see you're new and you're soft, and they lie to you. But you wise up pretty quick and get to learn what's really going on."

It sounds brutal, but in order to survive as a counselor, you have to be pretty tough. Lying becomes a form of self-preservation for the inmates. It's automatic in a place like this. All but a handful of the inmates, I am quite prepared to believe, are pathological liars, with an uncanny ability to sense what you want them to say,

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and to say it convincingly. It's easy to see how just a few of these people could turn a new young counselor sour.

Miss Byrd's story was much the same. She was an English literature major and hated the idea of working in a prison but stuck with it.

Both these women are ordinary, decent people, with no particular axes to grind. They don't have strong views, either about the prison or about the society that created it. They are not nasty, mean, vicious, or brutal, but just natural obeyers of rules. They find it hard to understand why anyone should not obey, why anyone should not see that it is in her best interest to obey and get ahead in the system. They are harsh on those who fall foul of the system, but go out of their way to do right by those who want to get along.

I don't believe either of the counselors thinks of herself as a jailer, and a harsh one at that. They have a job to do, and they do it. They are told that a certain list of rules has to be obeyed and that certain punishments are to be handed out for certain offenses. It isn't for them to question the system. In a curious way, the distinction between the officers and the inmates becomes blurred. By enforcing such a detailed and petty system of rules, the jailers are almost as bound by them as are the prisoners. Standing over people, examining every aspect of their daily lives—when they take showers, what they eat for breakfast, how they address their superiors, what hours they watch television—the staff is reduced to the same petty obsessions and frustrating minutiae as the inmates.

I very much doubt whether there are any brutal and sadistic officers, of the kind that are said to work in men's prisons. But then women are not often violent. Only a very small number of the inmates were violent, compared to a much larger number among the men. In women's institutions of all kinds, sadism is channeled into more subtle and insidious outlets—fanatically enforcing the rules, promising carrots that always remain just out of reach, a hundred Catch-22s, petty persecution, the constant process of watching, reporting, evaluating, prodding people out of any sense of peace or dignity.

I spent a morning with Mrs. Joiner, the supervisor of C Cottage. She has been at the prison for 15 years. She took me around the building. The heat in the building was dreadful, and it was dark in the long corridors with their somber, red linoleum floors. Heavy wooden doors with locks on the outside line the walls. The doors have large, square holes in them, some covered from the inside with pieces of material to give some semblance of privacy.

The doors of some of the "rooms" were standing open, and we looked inside. The rooms were very small indeed, containing a metal bed, a desk, and a chest of drawers, leaving only about four square feet to move around in. The heat in these tiny cells was appalling. The windows were small, and the rooms were not light. Some of the inmates had filled their rooms with possessions. I saw one room in B Cottage inhabited by a lifer who had already served a few years of her sentence. It looked like the Old Curiosity Shop, not a spare corner of wall or a surface uncovered—clothes hung all around, a mountain of possessions crammed into a space scarcely bigger than a broom closet. Other rooms were bare, and no attempt had been made to make them like home. The inmates don't want to settle in.

Snowball in Hell

Mr. Traurig also arranged for me to meet with the Residents' Council. The Council members were suspicious of me. They assumed I had come to find out about lesbianism, violence, drugs, and contraband. The Council meets once or twice a week. Each cottage elects two Council members, and all inmates vote for the president and secretary. There are elections every six

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months, and to qualify for the Council inmates must have gone for 60 days without an infraction. If a Council member commits a single breach of the rules, she is removed from the Council automatically.

"There really isn't much point in you talking to us. We're just ordinary inmates, and *please* don't call us 'residents,'" said the Council president. "We have no power, none at all. No one listens to us. We have to make our demands to Mr. Traurig, and he takes at least three months to answer our requests, and the answer is nearly always 'no,' or 'that's not for you to discuss.' . . . I know why he sent you to us. He thinks we're tame. Whenever a visitor comes he calls us out, and in front of them says, very nicely, 'This is our Residents' Council,' as if we amounted to anything, which we don't. He only remembers we exist when there's someone watching. Don't ask us what we do to help this place because we don't do nothing." The Council members were articulate and coherent. They voiced complaints of injuries, unequal treatment, lack of training or recreation facilities, the prison system itself.

The Council members' criticisms were serious ones, but as a Council they were reduced to making requests for permission to sell "snowballs" on July 4th on the campus.

The women I first encountered in interviews with Miss Byrd, in the company of another counselor or officer, or at the classification and adjustment hearings had appeared to me depressingly dumb and devoid of initiative. Yet when I met them later, sitting around in the education department or in the cottages, or in some more casual context, they were not ingratiating, they were just passive. It would be hard to conclude that the entire prison population was schizophrenic. It was simply necessary for them to behave that way in order to survive in the institution.

The stupider the inmate seems, the easier it is for an officer to feel she can help. Many inmates are a good deal brighter than the officers—but it is important not to let it show. If an officer is allowed to feel that she is helping a girl, doing some good, that the job is worthwhile, things are likely to go better for that prisoner.

The Adjustment Team

The Adjustment Team holds hearings once a week to evalute reports of infractions of the rules and to hand out punishments to those found guilty. A new system has been adopted recently, and an outside adjustment counselor now presides over the meetings. This was brought about partly because of pressure on the state prison system from the Legal Aid Bureau in Baltimore. It was felt that an inmate was unlikely to receive fair treatment within his own prison, with only the staff and officers to act as judge, jury, prosecutor, and witness. There are four adjustment counselors in Maryland, and they rotate every three months.

However, the outside hearing counselors don't come from very far outside. Joseph Miller is the adjustment counselor currently assigned to the women's prison. He is young and black, and was elegantly dressed in a pale blue denim jacket with white stitching, matching blue-check trousers, shiny shoes, and tinted glasses. He had previously been a classification officer in the Men's House of Correction, a hundred yards down the road from the women's prison. He couldn't be said to be very independent of the prison system, but at least he is not in the employ of the prison's superintendent.

The hearing started at nine on Monday morning. Linda Citrenbaum, acting supervisor of the counselors, and Jackie Byrd, the counselor who happened to be dealing with the cases of those inmates to appear, were both present. Sitting at one end of a long table in the board room, the officers talked and laughed between themselves while they waited.

The first girl came in. She was

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young, black, and wore a bandana around her head. She sat in the seat at the end of the table, and Mr. Miller assumed a suitably official manner.

"Is your name Carol Brown?" he asked. She said it was.

"You are brought before the Adjustment Team, charged with a violation of Rule A. Are you going to represent yourself?" She said she was. She could have brought another inmate or an officer to represent her if she wanted, but few do. She is not allowed outside counsel or a lawyer even if her offense is serious enough to receive a severe penalty, such as being locked up for a long time.

"Are you going to call any witnesses?" he asked. She said no.

He then read the report written by a correction officer who had charged Carol Brown with breaking Rule A. The rules are extremely vague. Rule A forbids "disobeying of any order of the Warden, Assistant Wardens [in the women's prison wardens are called superintendents], or any officer of the institution, or any prison rule." This could mean anything. The rules that govern every aspect of daily life—which door to come in or go out of; being allowed only to wear ladies', not men's, tennis shoes; not being allowed to take a cup of coffee out of the dining room; and several thousand others—are not written down. An inmate can discover what they are only by trial and error, and by relying on the often-misleading word of another prisoner.

The report stated that Carol Brown had been found asleep in her room one night with her television on. It was plugged into the light socket by an extension cord. Except for lifers, inmates can only use battery-operated televisions. Extension cords are against the rules.

"How do you plead?" Mr. Miller asked. Carol Brown shifted in her chair, thought about it for a moment, and said, "Guilty."

"Do you wish to make any statement?" he asked. She paused for a while and said, "Batteries are very expensive. I have to charge my TV 16 hours to watch four hours. And half the institution has extension cords. I'm just one."

Miss Citrenbaum explained that the reason for the rule against extension cords was that they are a fire hazard. "If they're a fire hazard why are the lifers allowed them?" the girl asked, reasonably.

"Don't you feel you should pay for your own television and not use state electricity?" said Mr. Miller. The girl said nothing.

"Whose cord was it?" asked Miss Citrenbaum. The girl said she'd borrowed it from a lifer.

"Is there anything else you would like to say?" asked Mr. Miller.

"Yes," she said, and thought a moment, then shrugged and said, "Oh, never mind."

She was told to leave the room and wait while the Team discussed the case.

When she was gone they relaxed and leaned back in their chairs. "What do you think?" Mr. Miller asked. They all agreed—guilty as charged.

"She's right that a lot of them do have these cords."

"Well, she got caught and that's just the breaks," said Mr. Miller.

"What's more," said Miss Byrd, "I don't think she borrowed it from a lifer. A lifer isn't about to lend it out, especially at television time. I think it's hers." The others nodded.

"What action do you suggest?" asked Mr. Miller.

"I think loss of TV privileges for one week," said Miss Citrenbaum, who always seemed to be first with the sentences. Miss Byrd laughed and said, "That's right. Should give her plenty of time to get her TV charged up good." The others laughed too, and the girl was brought back in.

"Miss Brown," said Mr. Miller, "the board has determined that you are guilty as charged. We have determined that you should have all TV privileges removed for the period of one week. Do you have any objection to that decision?"

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"You mean take away my TV?" the girl asked, looking suddenly uncomprehending. Until now she had seemed indifferent to the whole procedure. "I don't agree with that at all. And I can't watch it in the rec room? I don't agree with that at all."

"If you object to our decision, you have three days in which to appeal to Mr. Traurig." The girl stared at them and then left the room. Taking away a week's TV might sound like a slight sentence—and so it is, compared to others the team could have handed down—but from seven o'clock on, watching television is virtually the only thing to do in prison.

The Adjustment Team keeps statistics of all the hearings. Last year they heard 225 cases. Of these, only 20 were found not guilty. Of the 205 found guilty, only 11 were given no punishment, 24 a reprimand, nine were put on probation, four lost good behavior credit, 91 were put in Grade 4 (lock-up), and 58 in Grade 3 (night lock-up). Of course, all those found guilty lost classification status. Considering the infractions involved, the sentencing seems exceptionally severe. Ninety-one people were locked up—a very harsh punishment—but the three major offenses committed by those locked up were "insolence," "refusal to obey orders," and "violation of cottage rules."

The next inmate to appear before the Adjustment Team was a big, heavy black girl, young, with a droopy, sad-looking face. Throughout the proceedings she looked as if she understood very little of what was going on.

"Is your name Delia Montroy?" She said it was. "You are charged with violations of Rule A and Rule F." Rule F reads: "Leaving of cell or place of assignment or other appointed place without permission."

"Are you representing yourself?" When it was explained what this meant, it was ascertained that she was. "Are you calling a witness?" She understood that, and said she was, giving the witness' name. Mr. Miller read the charge against her: "Delia

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was put in her room all day by the nurse, as she was complaining of stomach pains. She was told to stay there until the doctor saw her." The report went on to describe the incident in vague terms. The girl was told that she had a visitor up at the Administration Building but that she would not be allowed to have her visit, as the prison nurse had instructed her to stay in her room. She had disobeyed these instructions and gone up to the Administration Building to see her visitor, but was sent back by the officer in charge of visits.

"How do you plead?" asked Mr. Miller.

"Not guilty," said the girl. "I went to see the nurse because my stomach was hurting, that was all. She didn't say I couldn't have no visits. My sister was there and they were telling her I was sick. I didn't want her going home and getting my family worried, thinking I was on my deathbed or something."

"But you did disobey the officer."

"I didn't disobey no one," she said in her slow voice that neither rose nor fell. "She come to me and say I have a visit. So I got ready and had a shower and went over to the Administration Building. Ain't no rule says you can't have no visit when you're sick."

"It isn't a question of rules. You disobeyed the officer."

"She never told me I couldn't go. How'd I know I had a visit, if she hadn't of come and told me? If I wasn't allowed no visit she wouldn't of come and told me, would she? She didn't say nothing about me not having my visit, not until I come back from the Administration Building, when they said the nurse said no visit."

"So you say the officer never told you to stay in your room?"

"That's right." The Team members looked at each other. It was her word against the official's report. The officer is not called unless an inmate requests it, a rare occurrence. The reports are badly worded, sometimes contradictory, sometimes verging on illiteracy.

The witness was called in. She was a well-spoken girl, much brighter than the accused. But her testimony contradicted what Delia had said. She said that Delia *had* been told she couldn't have her visit and had gone out of the cottage without permission. But, she pointed out, there was no rule that said that you forfeited your visit if you were sick. Other people who were sick had been permitted visits.

"Do you have any questions for the witness?" Mr. Miller asked Delia. The girl didn't seem to grasp the fact that her witness had essentially testified against her. She shook her head numbly. The two girls were asked to leave the room.

"Well," said one of the counselors, laughing. "For a moment she had me convinced. I thought perhaps we were going to have to find out a bit more about this case, but her own witness confirms the officer's report."

"Do you think we should find out if the nurse left orders for her to have no visit?" Mr. Miller asked.

"She always does, if someone says they're sick. At least, that's the implication. After all, the resident is the one who complained, and if she's too sick to work, she's too sick for a visit," said Miss Citrenbaum.

"That's right," said Miss Byrd. "The nurses do it to teach them a lesson. They're always complaining that they're sick to get out of work."

Mr. Miller was tapping his pen on the table top, and there was a pause. Miss Byrd then said, "But, of course, you always get trouble if you start fooling about with their visits. I gather that this incident caused quite a fuss in the cottage that night. This girl hasn't been reported before. This is her first adjustment."

"Still, she shouldn't have left that cottage without permission," said Mr. Miller. "She's guilty as charged. What action do you suggest we take?"

"I think," said Miss Byrd, "that there is some confusion as to what the rule is about people who are sick getting their visits. If it is against the

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rules, if the nurse left a specific instruction on this before she went home, then the resident should never have been told that she had a visitor."

There was more humming and pondering on this, and when they came to a decision the girl was called back.

"Miss Montroy, the Team has found you guilty as charged. For the following two reasons we have determined that you shall be reprimanded. A) This is your first infraction. B) There seems to be some small confusion here about what the situation is with regards to visits to those who are sick. However, we feel we should point out to you that it is your duty at all times to obey an officer. If you have questions about a rule, or if you feel you are not being treated fairly, you can discuss this with the officer, but you must at all times obey." The Team members were looking at the girl, and she looked from one to another of them. Mr. Miller had spoken very fast, rattling off the words, and she didn't seem to understand what was expected of her.

"Do you understand what we have said?" Mr. Miller said finally, when Delia just sat there. She realized that the meeting was for some reason at an end and got slowly to her feet.

"Do you understand?" Miss Citrenbaum persisted. The girl was edging away from the table. "We've given you a reprimand."

"Oh," she said, suddenly understanding. She was almost at the door before she stopped, turning around and asking, "Does that mean it's going to take me more time to qualify for Grade 1?"

"Yes," said Miss Citrenbaum. "A minimum of 60 days from today. You have been found guilty of an infraction. To qualify for Grade 1 you need 60 infraction-free days." The girl's face fell even further and she left.

Inside the prison the greatest cause for resentment is what the inmates call "different strokes for different folks," in other words, favoritism, or the arbitrary application of the rules. Since there is no inmate on the Adjustment Team to listen to the deliberations, there is no way that the rest of the inmates can make any sense at all of the punishments handed out. They have no way of hearing how the decisions have been reached, what the evidence and the mitigating circumstances are. Delia Montroy got off with a reprimand for openly defying the order of an officer. The same offense usually warrants several weeks of lock-up. All that the prisoners could conclude was that the Team liked the looks of Delia Montroy and decided to let her off.

In a court of law one of the basic rights of the accused is to hear her accuser and all the facts and testimony that is brought against her. The fact that the hearing officer comes from outside the institution makes very little difference when the only evidence available on which to judge the case is a badly written report. All the outside adjustment hearing officer has to go on is the information provided by the officers of the prison, the previous reports on the inmate, including the prison's estimation of her character and adjustment. He has only the prison counselors to tell him what the rules of the institution are, and how to interpret them in each case. The Team would proceed in much the same way if he weren't there.

Lovers' Quarrel

The Team now turned to the next cases. "We have only the lovers and the fighters left," said Miss Citrenbaum. "The lovers were only caught last night. A new officer found one of them on top of the other with her pants down. She panicked and locked them in the room and ran screaming down the corridor for help, as if they were going to stay in that position while she went to get witnesses!" They all laughed. "But they have the right to at least a day between being served with an infraction notice and the hearing, so I don't think they'll decide to come up here today."

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Mary Guiss, the first of the fighters was brought in instead. She was a small, thin, pretty black girl, with a handkerchief around her head and a pair of glasses. She spoke with an educated voice, quiet and coherent. Mr. Miller read her the officer's report, which said she had been in another girl's room, crocheting, when there was the sound of an argument, then loud scufflings, before the officer finally burst in. The officer said she found Mary using her fists on the other girl, Wanda, who was attempting to defend herself. There was knitting yarn all over the floor, and the rug was rolled up by the door.

Mary was accused of violating Rules A and D. Rule D forbids "swearing, cursing, or using any other vulgar, abusive, insolent, threatening or any other improper language toward any other inmate or officer, or indecency in language, action, or gesture at any time." The report said that as soon as the officer entered the room, the two girls stopped fighting and that no intervention had been necessary. Both girls had claimed that they had only been playing and that there had been no fight. When Mary was asked for her plea, she nodded her head and said, "That's right, like it says in the report."

"You mean you plead guilty?" asked Mr. Miller.

"Yes, like it says. We weren't fighting. We was playing. I was crocheting a halter top for Wanda and we was arguing about the colors. Then we began pushing the yarn about on the floor. Wanda stepped forwards and she was going to step on my glasses on the floor. I gave her a push to stop her stepping on them, and then the officer came in and said we was fighting, but we wasn't." She stopped before adding, "We're friends, Wanda and me. We wouldn't be fighting."

"Well, in fact, Miss Guiss, you are not charged with fighting. You are charged with disrespect. Do you have anything else to say?" She said she didn't, and was sent out of the room.

The officers of the Adjustment Team discussed the case. They decided to pass judgment on the first girl before they heard the other's case. Both were charged with the same offenses. This seemed to be a peculiar way of proceeding.

"Well, what's the truth of this case?" Mr. Miller asked the other two.

"I think I know about this," said Miss Byrd. "These girls are my assignment. If you ask me, I'd say this was a clear case of a lovers' quarrel."

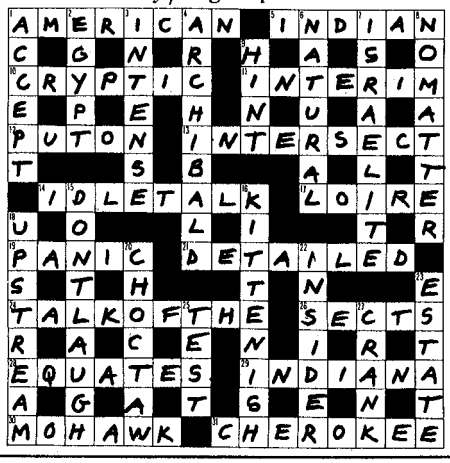
"Oh, you didn't have to tell me that much of the truth," said Mr. Miller, leaning back in his chair and laughing.

"These lovers' quarrels," said Miss Byrd, "I'd just like to give them a good spanking, swat, swat, swat," she said, batting the air with her hand as the others laughed. They obviously enjoyed, or were amused by, examples of homosexuality that they came across. While this means that they tolerate it to some extent, and don't very actively prosecute, it also shows the patronizing attitude towards it that all the members of the staff seem to have. The inmates become something to laugh at, like the way people enjoy laughing at the sexual activities of monkeys in a zoo.

"Still," said Mr. Miller, recovering himself, "I think the officer was right and someone seems to have lost her temper in this incident."

"I'd say it was Mary. Although she hasn't been in trouble before, I feel

Answers to July/August puzzle:



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she may have a nasty temper and should do some Grade 3 for this," said Miss Byrd.

"Well, I think it's a serious matter and she should do some Grade 4 as well," said Miss Citrenbaum.

The girl was called back and told she would receive a week on Grade 4 (total lock-up), and a week of Grade 3 (lock-up after evening meal).

"Do you object to your sentence?" asked Mr. Miller.

"Yes, sir," she answered. "You talk to Wanda. She'll say we wasn't fighting."

She was told she should put her objection in writing in the next three days. Less than 15 per cent of those who appear before the Adjustment Team ever appeal, and then they have to provide new evidence in order to have their appeal heard. They can only appeal to the superintendent, who by the nature of things is not likely to overturn the original decision.

The second girl was called in. She told the same story. She said that Mary had only pushed her, just as the officer came in, and that they had merely been playing around, arguing jokingly about the color of the yarn. She said a whole lot of other girls in the cottage had come to the door and told the officer that Wanda and Mary were fighting, and that they were lovers, so the officer just wrote it down. After she left the room the Team seemed to lose interest in the case. Somehow it didn't seem to have been much of an incident.

"She never disobeys, Wanda. By all the evidence anyway she wasn't the hammer, she was the anvil, on the receiving end. They were both locked up for a while after the incident. The officers always do that if there's any question of a fight. Let's let her off." They agreed on that, and told the girl she was found not guilty. She looked extremely surprised and left the room, as if she expected them to change their minds and call her back any minute.

"Now wait a minute," said Mr. Miller suddenly. "Isn't this going to cause some trouble? What are they going to say about giving one girl some Grade 4 and some Grade 3 and the other nothing?"

"I guess we should try and put some rationality into this. Let's try and explain something about it to Mary," said Miss Citrenbaum. Miss Byrd went out to try to explain it to the girl who was to be punished. When I asked the other two Team members why they had reached such different decisions, they weren't able to give a very good explanation. They thought they might have been a little harsh, but reassured themselves with Miss Byrd's remark that Mary had a nasty temper, although it hadn't led to any other incident as yet. They thought, with hindsight, that it might have been better if they'd heard both girls' stories first, before sentencing either of them.

The Superintendent

Harry Traurig had been away for a few days at a conference in Nevada. He was a frequent speaker at conferences, and probably a very good one. He had written a small handbook, to be issued to visitors and volunteers. He gave me a copy; it contained this curious paragraph:

> It is important that the outsider not be misled by outward appearances. None of the persons incarcerated here enjoys it or likes being here; all are separated from families and loved ones; and most have brought massive problems to the institution; problems of which drug addiction, alcoholism, and feelings of guilt and insignificance are a few examples.

Mr. Traurig used all the liberal words and phrases—the inmates were people with problems, not criminals—yet he obviously hadn't looked very closely at his prison if he thought I would be misled by its alluring appearance. There was an enormous gap between his descriptions and the reality, as if he were blind to what was really going on inside. He was well aware of all the new ideas in penal

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reform. He enjoyed discussing them, as if they were fascinating and abstract concepts that had nothing to do with him. He treated these ideas as if they have an intellectual diversion, like reading poetry at night. These conferences were like fishing trips to him and not really connected to his actual work. I had to remind myself as I spoke with him that it was Mr. Traurig, personally, who supervised everything that went on in the prison, from the installation of a new drainpipe to the decision about whether inmates should be forced to wear bras.

Mr. Traurig didn't try especially hard to deceive outsiders or to lie in his conference speeches—he simply let himself believe what he said. The sound of his voice, as it echoed through the microphones, telling of his work release programs and his cottages was to him something closer to reality than what he could have seen at the end of his nose.

Escape

It was the following Wednesday that the Parole Board came to the prison. I was not allowed into the hearing and spent the morning with Mrs. Joiner in C Cottage. From time to time rumors would come back about who had and hadn't made parole.

As Mrs. Joiner and I walked to the Administration Building, she held me firmly by the arm, as if she thought I might break and run for it. By now I had been in the prison enough to feel oppressed by having to be escorted everywhere. My first panic had long ago subsided, and I disliked having to greet the inmates I knew, while being led along on the arm of an officer. As we got near the Administration Building there was a curious atmosphere in the air. Groups of inmates were huddled together, talking, some of them loud and angry, one or two in tears, both of joy and despair. Some of them looked transformed, wearing their best dresses, their hair neat and faces made up, instead of the usual shorts and tee shirts. It was easy to see which of them had come before the Parole Board.

As we were marching briskly along, a group of women from the welding shop came towards us, all talking at once. The welders were large, with mostly close-cropped hair. The day was hot and they had taken off the top halves of their overalls and tied them around their waists. They were talking angrily, and some of them were making loud jokes. With them were one or two people who, to judge by their make-up and clothes, had just appeared before the Board.

By now the prisoners must have known who I was. Word gets around quickly. When the women saw me, they came towards me, noisy, but friendly, and began calling out, "Tell it like it is." "Stop and talk with us." "We want to say a few things about this place." "There are some things you ought to know." But Mrs. Joiner had me gripped in her arm and she tugged me along when I tried to stop, saying, "Come on now! You don't want to stop and talk to them. Come on girls! Don't you go trying to tell lies." I said I wanted to stop and talk, but she pulled me on, and I didn't dare say anything to them, except to try and make it plain I would have stopped if I could. "I don't know what you all are doing standing around here," Mrs. Joiner said. She told me she'd had orders from Mr. Traurig to escort me from place to place and to avoid just this sort of situation.

The girls looked back at us as we went into the Administration Building, and I suppose they thought I was on the side of the officers and didn't want to talk to them. I suppose they might have wondered why I didn't insist on doing what I wanted to do. I was from the free world and no one could do anything to me. But I understood then how completely impossible it was for them to resist the pressure of prison authority. I didn't disobey, with no penalties hanging over my head. How could they? I felt I had been "adjusted." ■

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political book notes

Public affairs books to be published in September.

Against the Stream: Critical Essays on Economics. Gunnar Myrdal. Pantheon, $10.

Amber Waves of Grain. James Trager. Arthur Fields, $6.95. This history of last year's Russian grain deal is an exemplary bit of narrative journalism. Fast-moving without being lightweight, it manages both to sustain suspense about the wheat-futures market, and, more impressive, to explain clearly the arcane details of agricultural policy.

America's Army in Crisis. William L. Hauser. Johns Hopkins, $8.50. Hauser's solutions for the problems of today's "new action Army" are pedestrian and predictable, predicated on the complacent assumptions that have gotten us into our current difficulties.

An American Verdict. Michael J. Arlen. Doubleday, $6.95.

Arms and Strategy: The World Power Structure Today. Laurence Martin. McKay, $15.95.

Armstrong's Fight for FM Broadcasting: One Man vs. Big Business and Bureaucracy. D. H. V. Erickson. Univ. of Alabama, $7.75.

Black Mesa. Suzanne Gordon. John Day, $8.95/4.95.

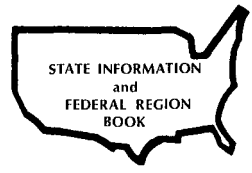
Broad-Based Taxes: New Options and Sources. Richard A. Musgrave, ed. Johns Hopkins, $12. Authoritative collection of technical papers, more useful than most of its type because the policy implications are clearly extracted from the economic analyses. Especially welcome is the conclusion that the property tax is generally progressive and should not be abandoned.

Campaign '72: The Managers Speak. Ernest R. May, Janet Fraser, eds. Harvard, $7.95. On the weekend of January 5-6, 1973, Harvard's Institute of Politics got together a group of politicians and journalists to discuss last year's election. Among the participants were Gary Hart, Jeb Magruder, David Broder, Rick Stearns, Ben Wattenberg. While there's nothing new or startling, this transcript of the meeting is consistently interesting and must reading for campaign professionals.

The Center. Charles Beardsley. New American Library, $1.25.

City Limits: Barriers to Change in Urban Government. Diana R. Gordon. Charterhouse, $7.95.

The Conspiracy Against the Dollar: The Spirit of the New Imperialism. Peter D. Beter. Braziller, $4.95/1.95. Wild-eyed and unintentionally amusing account of how the Forces of the New Imperialism carried out their five-year master plan to erode the



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dollar. The book says, for example, of Douglas Dillon that "he was the real power in the Kennedy Administration; no important appointment was made without his consent."

The Constitution and What It Means Today. Edward S. Corwin, rev. by Harold W. Chase, Craig R. Ducat. Princeton, $20.00/3.95. A new edition of the indispensable guide.

Cruel and Unusual: The Supreme Court and Capital Punishment. Michael Meltsner. Random House, $8.95.

Diplomatic Channels. Humphrey Trevelyan. Gambit, $8.95. Chatty reminiscences by one of Britain's prominent ambassadors. The book well illustrates the anything-but-resignation attitude which is apparently universal among the world's diplomats: "I saw no reason to resign after the Suez affair, although as ambassador in Cairo I had been opposed to the British Government's action, on which I had not been consulted. It was properly their decision which I had to accept, and I was glad that I had not been told what they were going to do."

Economics and the Public Purpose. John Kenneth Galbraith. Houghton Mifflin, $10. The classic Galbraith diagnosis of our economic woes, combined with a detailed program of political reform. It is hard to fault the suggestions, but even harder to imagine how to get them enacted.

The Economics of Crime and Punishment. Simon Rottenberg, ed. American Enterprise Institute, $8.50/4.00. When your neighborhood holdup man yells, "Stick 'em up!" yell back at him, "$O_j=O_j(p_j, f_j, u_j)$!" By the time he figures out that O_j equals the number of offenses he would commit during a particular period, p_j is his probability of convictions per offense, and f_j is his punishment per offense,, and u_j is a coverall variable representing all sorts of other influences on his behavior, you will have escaped. That is the only possible benefit reading this book could confer upon you.

The Finest Judges Money Can Buy! And Other Forms of Judicial Pollution. Charles R. Ashman. Nash, $7.95.

Franklin D. Roosevelt: Launching the New Deal. Frank Freidel. Little, Brown, $15.

Government Spending and Its Effects. C. L. Harris, ed. Univ. of Wisconsin, $10.

The Great Nixon Turnaround. Lloyd C. Gardner. New Viewpoints, $3.95. A collection of articles and speeches by and about Richard Milhous Nixon. Nothing new, but still a good primer on the Nixonian contradictions which were so effectively submerged during the last election.

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NEPA in the Courts: A Legal Analysis of the National Environmental Policy Act. Frederick R. Anderson. Johns Hopkins, $15.00/6.95.

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Poverty and Progress: An Ecological Perspective on Economic Development. Richard G. Wilkinson. Praeger, $8/$2.95. This attempt to explain our economic and environmental problems by examining the Stone Age tribes is not always convincing but is certainly provocative.

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The Seduction of the Spirit: The Use and Misuse of Peoples' Religion. Harvey Cox. Simon & Schuster, $8.95.

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The Truth About Kent State: A Challenge to the American Conscience. Peter Davies and The Board of Church and Society of the United Methodist Church. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $10. Unapologetically partisan, well researched, and thoroughly documented, this book takes on a compelling immediacy with the Justice Department's decision to reopen the Kent State case.

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